

seemed immune to blackmail or black eyes, the twin hazards of the predatory homosexual. It was a point of pride with him to be more reckless and full of effrontery than any competitor. But it was also his pride to be a notable friend with a keen sense of what friendship meant—a confident, a willing adviser, who would be above any petty censoriousness or conceal.

This was the Cambridge undergraduate whom Guy Burgess, as a newly elected Fellow of All Souls, describes meeting in 1931. Mr Rees was the son of a well-known Calvinist Methodist minister and had come from Cardiff High School by a scholarship to New College. Staunchly heterosexual, he had a number of affairs as a young man, but none more edgy than his affair with Oxford. Oxford welcomed and wooed him, offered him friendship, prizes and the most prestigious of fellowships; but he was never entirely won over. Elizabeth Bowen, describing in *The Death of the Heart*, the impact of Oxford upon a character from somewhat the same background, wrote: "Eddie was taken up, played up, played about with, taken down, let down, finally sent down for one idiotic act." Mr Rees escaped some of these processes and in the end sent himself down by resigning his All Souls fellowship, preferring to live the more mundane, exacting and precarious life of London journalism. He was not to be seduced by the academic embrace: he found Oxford too frivolous, too dominated by the upper-middle classes and too insulated from what was an admirable presence, not shared by his mentors, he judged to be the issue of the times—the convulsion of the capitalist world in the epidemic of the Depression and the disease in the shape of fascism which it caught during its weakness.

In being a communist sympathizer Mr Rees was characteristic of much that was most ardent and high-minded in his generation, and it is easy to see why he was attracted to Guy Burgess. But almost at once his new friend became shrouded in mystery. Burgess ostentatiously broke with his communist past, became secretary to an extreme right-wing politician, who shared his sexual tastes and, sprightly as ever, began to peddle some sophisticated quasi-fascist notions of power politics. By 1935, however, he seemed to be back on a left-wing tack from which he was never again to be deflected. He remained a man of mysteries: the curious and extremely varied company he kept; the wildness of his drinking; the secret assignments which filled all his holidays abroad. Oddest of all was the time in 1937 when Burgess told Mr Rees that he was in fact a Communist agent and tried to recruit him. Why else, Burgess asked him, should he have suddenly disappeared from the Party before going underground? Why else should he have some of the contempt of those whom he most admired—the open supporters of the left—at the time of his conversion? But Mr Rees declined to swallow the bait; principally, as he says, because he could not take Burgess as an entirely serious character.

A King in Bohemia

Nobody could. Mr Rees's portrait of Guy Burgess in *A Chapter of Accidents* is a triumph. The ineluctable nature of his behaviour is analysed, needed to explain it, and the description of his mounting bewilderment, amusement, anxiety and exasperation which it provoked in Mr Rees is masterly. Burgess was a King in Bohemia. He used to cook in a heavy iron saucepan a thick grey gruel compounded of "porridge, kippers, bacon, garlic, onions and anything else that may have been lying about in the kitchen," a dish which sustained him "over each weekend. Chewing, raw, garlic was only one of his minor social disabilities: in his Foreign Office days a minute was circulated requiring him to diet.

Perhaps it would have taken too

long to describe in full the shambles of his Bond Street flat. There he used to keep a filch of bacon hanging on a string outside the window which was hauled up when he needed to hack off a slice, and was then consigned again to outer space. Grime covered everything. Every table, lampshade, sheet and blanket was scarred with burns, the stigmata of so many drunken evenings. The bath had no plug; in its place was a sock, once white but by now dark grey with dirt, into which a squash ball had been thrust. Screams rent the air at night in the building because his flat was sandwiched between two others inhabited by prostitutes; but it was a moot point whether the traffic in and out of their rooms was any heavier than that in and out of his.

His habits were filthy, going far beyond those of negligent bachelors: in his Foreign Office days he was often sudden and sweaty. Maurice Bowra in a characteristically vigorous phrase used to complain that he had "shit in his finger-nails and cock-cheese behind the ears". Even Evelyn Waugh's imagination did not dare to create such a monster of improbability. How was it possible to believe that such a person had the self-control to be a spy? Was it not more natural to assume that his mysterious comings and goings, his odd but impressive contacts in politics, and his self-confident assurance that he was in the know were clouds in a dream world in which he lived?

And yet he was a spy; and the suspense which Mr Rees creates as he tells the story of his relationship with Guy Burgess is gripping: how it developed so that Burgess became godfather to his twin children, how he kept on going back to that evening when Burgess declared he was an agent, how every time he began to ask himself—for since the Nazi-Soviet pact Mr Rees had turned strongly against the communist cause—whether he ought to convey his suspicions to someone; and then some new grotesque episode which seemed in no way to disturb the confidence of his superior persuaded Mr Rees that his fears were foolish. Eventually there came the final telephone call to his wife from Burgess, the disappearance, and then the discovery that the suspicion which had gnawed at his mind for so long was true.

The suspense is all the more telling because his relationship with Burgess still continued. Like a ghost the invisible Burgess in Moscow haunted him and became an obsession—an obsession which was to result in personal catastrophe for Mr Rees. By this time Mr Rees, a victim of his own romantic temperament, had decided unwisely to return to his own people. He had accepted an invitation to become Principal of University College, Aberystwyth, the town of his birth where he had spent his early childhood. It was a community still dominated in the mid-1950s by the spirit of the primitive Methodism of his father and by the narrowest manifestations of Welsh nationalism. The Students' Union was not allowed to have a bar; and the atmosphere instead of being intellectually stimulating was too often of an insufferable gentility, so that the Principal and his wife felt closer to the students who for all their naivety and clumsiness cared about learning and knowledge. Suddenly one February day in 1956 Mr Rees heard the news that Burgess and Maclean had given a press conference in Moscow, the first firm indication that they were there nearly five years since their flight.

At this point Mr Rees lost his head, and his obsession destroyed him. He sat down and wrote an indictment not only of Burgess, but of his friends, and in particular all those friends who were in high places or had been in the security service during the war. His literary agent did what agents are supposed to do: he got the best price for the articles from *The People*, part of the contract being the horrifying stipulation that the newspaper should be entitled to re-write the material. Mr Rees instantly agreed to this condition. The articles contained the material used in this book but they

were also a call for action. They declared that Burgess had blackmailed people to obtain secrets; that he was protected by his homosexual friends in M15, and that his behaviour had been scandalous for so long that he should have been expelled from the service on several occasions. Some were mentioned by name as associates of Burgess, others were easily identifiable; and the last article closed with a plea to root out the traitors in our midst since it was certain that Burgess and Maclean were not the only people in positions of trust who had been recruited into the Soviet spy ring.

Victim of the blast

The explosion detonated by these articles was atomic; but the blast-waves of the Establishment are so cunningly constructed that the person who was most hideously wounded was Mr Rees himself. With some notable exceptions, such as John Sparrow, his Oxford friends rounded on him. Maurice Bowra wrote to suggest that he should plant Judas trees round the playing fields; and when a London literary lady cancelled an invitation to dinner, he realized that he was no longer, as he puts it, *salonfähig*. His friends took the line that to start a witch-hunt five years after the birds had flown was inexhaustible, and they put it about that Mr Rees, fearful that Burgess would make some malicious and false statement about him, had made the error of trying to get in first and denounce his former friend.

Meanwhile his punitarian opponents at Aberystwyth realized that their chance had come. Checked at first, they finally succeeded in getting a court of inquiry into their Principal's behaviour set up. The committee's report was so hostile but so palpably unable to find misdemeanours in Mr Rees's conduct at Aberystwyth that the council refused to endorse it.

But the damage was done. Mr Rees, who until then had refused to resign, believed that he could no longer work there profitably. He was now forty-five, homeless, jobless and with the hiss of the world in his ears; and a month later he was knocked over and dragged by a passing car, nearly died from his injuries and spent months in hospital. That was the end of the chapter of accidents.

Mr Rees is not as personal in his book as he was in his newspaper articles: most of the references to people are discreet, and he mentions few names. But he is unrepentant. For him it is still scandalous that M15 was unable to identify Burgess, Maclean and Philby; scandalous that, the first two having fled, a far-reaching inquiry was not set on foot at once; scandalous that the Establishment closed its ranks although the existence of a Burgess within its most sacred precincts affronted all it stands for.

Yet Mr Rees's self-justification is the weakest part of the book. Even if we think of *A Chapter of Accidents* purely as a tale, he has made the same mistake in craftsmanship which Joe Ackerley made when he wrote about his father. The mistake was to write primarily about himself instead of about the situation. "Ackerley did not see that he had a situation shaped like an hourglass: himself the pursuer of guardsmen, he discovers in the end that his father owed his rise in the world to a chance encounter when as a guardsman he was picked up by a well-to-do homosexual who bought him out of the Life Guards and made him his companion. Ackerley found what could have been a miniature work of art by self-commission. Mr Rees is stoical, not intransigent. But the centre of this book should not have been himself. It should have been the calamity of his relationship with Burgess. Some father and his childhood, but his book should not have taken the form of an autobiography.

Mr Rees does indeed explain his conduct in 1956 in terms of his relationship to Guy Burgess. He

believes that they were drawn together by Burgess's indictment of the etiolated English ruling class and intelligentsia, which struck a chord in Mr Rees's Welsh heart. The new elite after the war were not much better. They were perhaps more humane, progressive and enlightened, but where were the rough-hewn qualities they needed? When wrestling with the problem of whether to denounce Burgess to M15, having been told he had disappeared, Mr Rees consulted a close friend who reminded him of E. M. Forster's dictum that if a choice had to be made between betraying one's country or one's friend, he hoped he would have the guts to betray the country.

Mr Rees protested that this was a false dichotomy: one's country was a dense nexus of social relationships of which loyalty to one person formed only a single strand. The police but unenthusiastic reception by M15, when finally he decided that he must voice his suspicions about Burgess, heightened his conviction that the authorities were anxious only to hush the matter up, horrified that two upper-class officials were traitors, but unable to grasp that there might be dozens of other traitors within the old-boy network. Mr Rees had been offered in his disquiet, as it were, a cup of tea. But, like Sak's bishop, he was out for blood not tea.

Yet there are two reasons why this explanation is unsatisfactory. Perhaps Oxford had a more penetrating influence on Mr Rees than he will allow. Certainly by his own account he appears to have behaved in his various positions exactly in the way which he accuses a member of that intelligentsia which he disdains to have behaved. After the war he became a director in an engineering business, the great attraction being that it gave him ample time for writing. Not a very dynamic approach to industry.

In 1952 he became Estates Bursar of All Souls, which owned thirty thousand acres of agricultural land. He did take steps to move the investments out of land and into equities to take advantage of the great equities boom during the decade? He did not. Instead he was impressed by the "ancient wisdom" of Lord Brand of Llanadfa, at that time one of the least aggressive and most stuffy of merchant banks, who declared that if equities had existed in the Middle Ages, no Oxford college would have survived. Not the reaction one might expect from someone who believed that Britain's economy had been paralysed by such ancient wisdom.

Nor for that matter did he apparently question what All Souls should do with its wealth—a question which became acutely embarrassing at the time of the Franks Commission. No one can doubt that at Aberystwyth he was a liberal humane Principal with the interests of his students at heart, who brought to them some of the blessings of the Oxford tutorial system. But he does not appear to have had any other ideas about higher education: all the more strange since, on the grouse again, he has in recent years flayed the new universities for being liberal arts colleges. (Instead of business schools), quite out of touch with the needs of a technological society. He was, in fact, as fine a flower of the Oxford culture of his day as, each in his way, are Warden Sparrow and Warden Hampshire.

The second reason is concerned with democracy and the rule of law. Mr Rees is correct in saying that British security was slow to react to the implications of the Fuchs and Hill cases and to introduce positive vetting. Western intelligence was always more susceptible to penetration when it switched during the war from thwarting communism to subverting fascism, in the course of which communist sympathizers whom inevitably had to be employed, some of whom proved to be lethal. He is surely right to criticize the Foreign Service for retaining Burgess and Maclean after their scandalous drunken bouts. But it is right to be incredulous? Civil servants are protected from dismissal by processes minutely laid down in Statute, in order to protect them

against the venom of their or a mere dislike of them. This again is a British freedom. (How often in heavy and aggressive Philby certainly being among them.) Lower down the scale there were the steady, unstable, rill-rill among whom Guy Burgess, with his Old Man ties and the appearance of someone who had just stepped off the Golden Arrow after a night in the de la Lappe, was one.

Yet in the end Burgess emerges as more sympathetic figure than Maclean, brutalized by drink; or Philby, whom Graham Greene compared to a Jesuit living in Elizabethan England. He nursed his long romance which he had with communism, he used to declare that Stalin was genuinely tolerant of homosexuals. Unlikely as it seems, he was not a closeted homosexual. He conceals the fact that he would have suited the Soviet public service—for the intelligence would not have stopped McCarthyite purge, it would have stopped at the public. The Beaverbrook press and left-wing journalists who for the head of Mr Big who was to have shielded the missing mats, would have been deluged with the hounds along and the universities, the industry, the media and all circles where people who had Burgess could be found. This and Pemberton Billing can be in every age. But on this Mr Rees is silent.

Mr Rees also neglects to say that although M15 were certain that Philby was the Third Man, Philby admits, he could not be detained. In England proof of kind of proof was lacking, and opinion is strongly against parliamentary or quasi-judicial quires the latitude that Congress possess, in which reputation and liveliness of the uals can be destroyed without redress. Nor will public opinion readily tolerate strong-arm during interrogation: it is even the cal of the pressure put upon detained in Ulster during subversion.

Baying for blood

It is odd that Mr Rees, who is a columnist and member of the editorial board of *Encounter*, should recognize that what distinguishes British democracy from a communist society is precisely this willingness to pillory individuals who sacrifice them to the dubious security of making the state that bit more "secure". He still seems unable to grasp why, at a time when McCarthy's exploits had passed into history, his first disapproved of his articles in *People* for making reckless accusations and calling for a witch-hunt. It is all the odder since he himself is the victim of a witch-hunt.

Had he consulted the most powerful and elegant analysis yet made of Philby affair, by Hugh Trevor-Roper, he would have found solutions many of the problems which still assailed him. He would also have seen an assessment of why it took so long to reorganize the Secret Service after the war: not because it was with homosexual lefites anxious to protect their friends, but because he had reverted to its amateur, inefficient state of hidebound conservatism, where Burgess is concerned, perhaps Mr Rees would have been better off by the judgment of A. J. Taylor or Graham Greene than others who, sceptical of the value of espionage, regard it as a grotesque and useless contrivance. Certainly Guy Burgess, once in his adopted profession on a level of force unattained by any other, Muggerside's remembrance of the moral judgment that passed on this scamp who became scoundrel, "there is something memorable in the effrontery of who, as a junior Foreign Service official, having in his possession the secrets of the Kinsley Report on the sexual behaviour of human male, at that time unobtainable in England, kept it in the secure place he could find: in the stuffed at the back of the Foreign Office. But he was not

worthily of serious consideration, as Philby made clear enough. There were highly professional and efficient spies, Lansdale and Philby certainly being among them. Lower down the scale there were the steady, unstable, rill-rill among whom Guy Burgess, with his Old Man ties and the appearance of someone who had just stepped off the Golden Arrow after a night in the de la Lappe, was one.

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Mr Kirk, with his wider canvas, has the historical picture more fully and traces accurately enough the legacies of trouble which the end of the French empire left to Laos and Cambodia, and to their neighbours Thailand. The French empire had been ruled primarily for the benefit of the Vietnamese, who constituted the overwhelming majority of its population and whose ambition, through numbers, had been to the administrative verities of Cambodia and Laos. The traditional Vietnamese longing for the whole of Indochina had been inevitably encouraged and the national fear and resentment of the French had been immensely increased. When the end of the French

empire seemed certain Laos and Cambodia made themselves independent and Thailand began to take a close defensive interest in her long border with Laos. Given that the French empire ended in 1954 with the North and communist Vietnamese triumphant, and that the communists pretended to inherit the imperial ambitions of Vietnam towards the rest of Indochina, it can be argued that a wider conflict was bound to ensue, Americans or no Americans.

It is none the less true that during what was left of the 1950s, every attempt to reconcile the Laotian problem, that of reintegrating a communist minority of rebel tribal peoples into the newly independent nation, was frustrated by American policy, while in Cambodia there was more than one American-inspired attempt to overthrow Prince Sihanouk because he refused to increase the peril in his country stood from the hated Vietnamese, by siding with the West. During the 1960s the escalation of the war in Vietnam, wholly the fruit of American policy, made it perhaps inevitable that Cambodia, as well as Laos, would be drawn in; but this was as unnecessary as the war itself. The *Pentagon Papers* have turned well-founded doubts into certainty, the element of apology for American policy towards Indochina

which is present in both these works is less than effective. That said, these are useful books. Mr Kirk gives a thoughtful outline of the Indochinese problem as a whole which will be valuable alike to specialist and general reader. Mr Dommen's new edition is welcome, particularly for the illumination he has been able to bring to the so-called Huong Lap incident in 1958-59. Huong Lap is a small district of Laos, traditionally inhabited by Vietnamese and situated at the western end of the demilitarized zone between North and South Vietnam. Because of the nature of the country the area is much more easily accessible from Vietnam than from Laos; it was held by the North Vietnamese at the time of the Geneva settlement of 1954 and was never given up. It thus always did provide a safe corridor between North and South Vietnam, by-passing the demilitarized zone, and it must already have been functioning as such when Laotian troops approached it (probably for the first time) in 1958-59. The minor clash that resulted had political effects out of proportion to its military importance at the time, but the North Vietnamese remained in possession and the area was one of the major objectives of the invasion of Laos from South Vietnam last year.

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The men in khaki struggling in Northern Ireland against the proponents of the green have received more publicity for their actions than for their thoughts. This is hardly surprising, especially since the British Army has over the past quarter of a century been less involved in working out theories of counter-insurgency than its French and American counterparts. Now there is a book which gives a clue to the ideas of those who have had to deal with insurrections in Malaya, Palestine, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, and, of course, Northern Ireland.

Frank Kitson has served in many military operations in Britain's imperial outposts, and he is now involved in the present operation in Northern Ireland. *Low Intensity Operations* is specifically directed towards the British Army and the kind of problems it is facing or likely to face. A foreword by Sir Michael Carver, Chief of the General Staff, states that this book "is written for the soldier of today to help him prepare for the operations of tomorrow". The semi-official aspect of the book is underlined by the fact that the copyright is in the name of Her Majesty's Stationery Office, though it is not the publisher. And while the book is of course the personal statement of its author, it articulates a number of assumptions which are widely shared by British officers.

The subtitle is "Subversion, Insurgency, Peace-keeping", three words much used by Army officers and which themselves convey a good deal about current attitudes. Now that conspiracy theories of politics are out of fashion, the idea of subversion has in some degree taken their place. It is defined by Brigadier Kitson as "all measures short of the use of armed force taken by one section of the people of a country to overthrow those governing the country at the time, or to force them to do things which they do not want to do". Brigadier Kitson does not tell us whether he considers subversion an adequate term to describe the activities of, say, the South Africans, the Trades Union Congress, or for that matter the local councillors who want to give schoolchildren free milk. The problem is not merely a semantic one. Such challenges to government, even if they are coercive, cannot necessarily be regarded as being subversive: they may even in some cases be based on a desire to preserve an exist-

The book answer to the guerrillas

ing order which a government itself is thought to be "subverting". Indeed, a constant process of challenge to government may be regarded as an essential part of politics, not as an exercise to be categorized as subversive.

The term "subversion", while being of limited value as a category of political action, is often revealing of the assumptions of those who use it. It suggests that the existing order is virtually synonymous with the existing government, and that any attempt to change or coerce the latter is alien to the system. This doctrine has its positive side, in removing the justification for a military coup d'état; but its negative side is an authoritarian and uncomprehending attitude to any forceful opposition to government. The distinctions between different forms of "subversion", different causes, and different backgrounds get blurred or ignored. Subversion is too easily equated with enemy activity, treachery, and communism.

Brigadier Kitson stresses the role of the communist powers in spreading subversive ideas. But there is another aspect to the way in which the means of mass communication are being used, which concerns the general conditioning of people throughout the world to accept subversive ideas so that they will act on them when the time is ripe. A very large contribution in this direction is made by Russia in her efforts to spread communism, vast quantities of books, pamphlets and magazines being used in addition to an extensive broadcasting programme. Other countries involved in similar act-

FRANK KITSON:
Low Intensity Operations
208pp. Faber and Faber. £3.

vities include China, Cuba and Egypt. Or, one might add, Great Britain, the United States, and Tanzania. These countries, after all, spend a lot of money on propaganda, including foreign broadcasts. But Brigadier Kitson gives no hint that "subversion" in one form or another is practised by a huge variety of states, including those of the West. Nor does he mention that the European states which voice the most persistent and deep-rooted fears of foreign subversion are those of Eastern, not Western, Europe. No doubt Brigadier Kitson would say that the theory of foreign subversion is an inadequate explanation for unrest in the Soviet Empire. But this does not answer the question whether it is any more adequate applied to other areas.

One of the central weaknesses of almost all theories of counter-insurgency is that they are based on too much generalization. Great tactical schemes are devised for wholesale application in different parts of the world. Countries are regarded too often as mere abstractions, too seldom as unique and complex organisms with their own histories, geographies, economic and social structures, and political conceptions. Yet it is these factors which best explain why guerrilla warfare succeeds in some places and fails in others. If Guevara was wrong to think that Bolivia was another Cuba—an error which Castro has now implicitly admitted—the counter-insurgents were no less wrong to think that Vietnam was another Malaya. Brigadier Kitson does not point out clearly enough the danger of concentrating on tactics rather than on the conditions and causes of insurgency.

Indeed, there is almost nothing which offers a convincing explanation of the underlying causes of guerrilla warfare in the past quarter of a century. There is a brief discussion, but it avoids reference to many of the most interesting theories and authorities. Even McNamara's Montreal speech in 1966, in which a clear connexion between poverty and violent upheaval was demonstrated, is ignored. Perhaps McNamara is too much of a Marxist for Brigadier Kitson's taste, but in an earlier age an army officer had no difficulty in prefacing a similar book with a clear explanation of why the army was constantly getting entangled in limited operations. In 1899 Her Majesty's Stationery Office published a large manual by Major Cadwell entitled *Small Wars: Their Principles and Practice*. This reflected the military ideas of its time as surely as *Low Intensity Operations* reflects those of today. But at least Cadwell started off with a clear and plausible explanation of the causes of small wars, an explanation more concrete and more comprehensive than Brigadier Kitson's modish reliance on the notion of "subversion". Cadwell said:

"Small wars are a heritage of extended empire, a certain epigonic ennoblement into lands beyond the confines of existing civilization, and the type of war from early ages to the present time. Conquerors of old penetrating into the unknown encountered races with strange and unconventional military methods, and from them, down, seizing their territory, revolted and insurrections followed, disputes and quarrels with tribes on the borders of the districts overcame supervised, out-

of the original campaign of conquest sprung further war, and all were vexatious, desultory, and harassing. And the history of those operations repeats itself in the small wars of today.

With some modifications to take into account guerrilla war in developed societies, this theory is still applicable, and the language in which it is expressed is itself a model of elegance and clarity. But no such clear explanation emerges from Brigadier Kitson's less robust prose. The lack of connexion between political context and military tactics is most obvious in the occasional passing references to the American involvement in Vietnam. He states that "the United States is well ahead of Britain in its thinking on the overall direction of counter-insurgency and counter-subversive operations", but he does not explain why American ideas have proved so persistently wrong in Vietnam. He is equally uncritical of the French theorists of counter-insurgency, whose view of revolutionary war as consisting of ideology plus tactics was brilliantly criticized by Peter Paret in *French Revolutionary Warfare*—a book, incidentally, ignored by Brigadier Kitson.

Despite the inadequate attention given to the political context, some of Brigadier Kitson's tactical analysis of the problems of counter-insurgency is interesting. He emphasizes that without good information it is impossible to find the guerrillas—and this has of course been at the heart of almost all of the British Army's activities in Northern Ireland. Brigadier Kitson differs from many of his American counterparts in being more interested in intelligence than in new weapons and new technological devices.

There are places where Brigadier Kitson, like many army officers today, is too sanguine about the effect of using the army to restore order. He refers to the possibility that widespread disorders might occur in Britain, and suggests that "the army would be required to restore the situation rapidly". The idea that the army could restore such a situation rapidly is surely mistaken and dangerous. If people think there is an instant solution they will be tempted to use it; and they will almost certainly fail to achieve rapid success. The history of army actions against disorder is a history of long, embittered struggles, lasting for years on end, in which social divisions are exacerbated as often as they are controlled.

Northern Ireland itself is of course proving to be a case in point. There are persuasive arguments for the presence of the British Army, and even expressed support for the army's presence and conduct there. But it cannot be claimed that the army has provided an improvement in the situation. Any army is bound to make enemies as soon as it is involved in a conflict: it is bound to make mistakes, and to cause misunderstandings. The open use of force in society always causes deep emotional reactions, and these are not conducive to order.

This is not to dispute that there have been successful peace-keeping operations in which armies, usually acting with some kind of consent from both parties to a dispute, have succeeded in dampening down a conflict. The UN operation in Cyprus is a good example, and Brigadier Kit-

son devotes a good deal of space to peace-keeping as well as to counter-insurgency. He is surely right to point out that soldiers have been trained too much to fight battles, little to umpire them, and that latter may be as important as the former.

But "peace-keeping" can be a euphemism for actions which have been described in uglier ways. It has been recent criticism of the concept of "peace-keeping" on grounds that it involves either actually needs to be waged, or the concealed support of one in a conflict against the other. Brigadier Kitson blandly ignores argument, and lays himself out in criticism when he refers to American action in the Dominican Republic in 1965 as a "peace-keeping operation". If it was that, the Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968 was a peace-keeping operation as well.

At several points, indeed, language used by Brigadier Kitson is disturbing. He seems to be for granted that the aim of counter-subversion and counter-insurgency "is to eliminate the subversive and its unnamed and unnamed porters" and to "destroy the subversive movement utterly". This suggests that so final an outcome is not only achievable, but also where the British Army has been involved since 1945, even guerrilla movements have been in some form. Despite all this, recent army statements in Northern Ireland have indicated that it is not just the suppression of activities but the actual elimination of the IRA. This is a far more unrealistic aim than the IRA can always find in Eire, or even America, and it could hide its time and for better days. To proclaim aim of eliminating the IRA is only unrealistic but also untrue: many people throughout Ireland IRA is part of their history, their identity. Brigadier Kitson's Manichean framework leaves little room for such distinctions.

There are many other points in *Low Intensity Operations* which are open to criticism. There are some persistent misspellings of names and titles. The style is cluttered, perhaps the most important omission, however since it may easily pass unnoticed, the lack of attention to the international legal context of counter-insurgency operations. The Geneva conventions of 1949, and parts of which are explicitly referred to and which Britain has signed and mentioned. This is deplorable, least because the greatest controversies tend to arise precisely at the points where military action and legal provision interact. The recent discussions of internment in Northern Ireland, like the shootings at Maze, are a case in point. The British Army in general provides its officers with too little expert instruction on the international legal problems which they inevitably encounter. In respect, as in so many others, Brigadier Kitson's book reflects the limitations of current British military thought on this difficult and complex subject.

Victor L. Tappé's *Monarchy and the peoples of Danubia*, reviewed in front-page article (April 9, 1970), now appeared in an English translation by Stephen Hardman (Penguin, £4.75). It is a general survey of the Central European lands of the Habsburgs... as an attempt to present the main trends in general reader, and to interpret the best work of both Western and Eastern scholars, the book is briefly dealt with in *Twilight of the Habsburgs* (1970) Macdonald & Co. by Z. A. B. Zeman, whose essay made to meander between two times: carelessly captioned illustrations of Robert Musil are reproduced on the same page, one of them purporting to be "Arnold Schönberg (there was a slight resemblance to the famous poster for *Die Kokoschka's play 'Mörder, Liebes- und Jung der Frauen'*, is described as an art exhibition in Vienna".

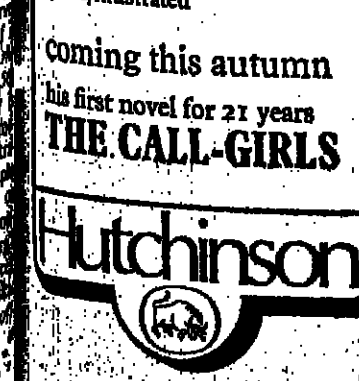


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Storm-tossed

GEORGE LAMMING:
Water with Berries
249pp. £2.

SAMUEL SELVON:
A Brighter Sun
215pp. £1.50 (paperback, 65p). Longman Caribbean.
Those Who Eat the Cascadura
182pp. Davis-Poynter. £2.

George Lanning and Samuel Selvon writers who came to London in the early 1950s. The wave really was a wave—before that period West Indian fiction did have an existence, but in the 1950s it seemed all of a sudden that every bright young man from the colony was heading for London with a typewriter in his luggage. One of the heroes of this efflorescence was George Lanning, who is perhaps best known for a fictional autobiography of his childhood in Barbados, *In the Castle of My Skin*, which was published in 1952.

In his collection of essays *The Pleasures of Exile* (1960) Mr Lanning wrote:

It is Shakespeare's capacity for experience which leads me to feel that *The Tempest* was also prophetic of a political future which is our present. Moreover, the circumstances of my life, both as colonial and exiled descendant of Caliban in the twentieth century, is an example of that prophecy.

And: My subject is the migration of the West Indian writer, as colonial and exile, from his native kingdom, once inhabited by Caliban, to the tempestuous island of Prospero's and his language.

His subject has not changed. *Water with Berries*, breaking a silence of nearly twelve years, resumes his twin obsession with exile and the themes of *The Tempest*—obsessions which resurface here as a kind of mythic backdrop to the central action.

First principles

PIERS ANTHONY:
Var the Stick
191pp. Faber and Faber. £1.95.

It is difficult, for a time, to know just how seriously to take Piers Anthony's novel. Initially it takes a fairly traditional line for science fantasy, setting us down in a post-bomb era when most of America is radioactive desert and the survivors have reverted to a tribal culture which treats as myth the vague stories of life before the holocaust. Supreme ruler of the tribes is The Nameless One, a man of almost insuperable strength, who is called in by a tribal chief to track down an elusive beast which is raiding his crops. The beast turns out to be a mutant boy who, once captured by The Nameless One, subsequently saves his captor's life and grows up under his protection. The boy is christened Var the Stick because of his prowess with that weapon—is picked to represent the tribes in a single combat during a war with the hostile inhabitants of the Under-ground. A nine-year-old girl, Soli, is sent out to fight him, and though she wields a pretty mean stick herself, they decide to pretend she has been defeated and then take off together into the wide polluted yonder, hilly pursued by the Nameless One who now believes Var to have killed his natural daughter.

Thus far, the book has recognizably taken the shape of a thriller pushed forward a couple of centuries for the sake of novelty; and for a time things proceed along themselves with Var and Soli pitting themselves against lethal environments and savage strangers. Already, though, the alert reader may have performed a few double-takes. Characters' names, for one thing, assume an increasingly ludicrous ring. Var the Stick, Jim the Librarian, Tyl of Two Weapons,

For three West Indian artists—a painter, a composer and an actor—exile in London has reached its debilitating climax. The trio's energies, creative and emotional, are depleted. Self-hatred and despair are in the air. Tecton has decided to give up painting and return to San Cristobal to devote himself to the cause of revolution.

Derek, after the fleeting glories of a Stratford season as Othello, has been reduced to the inert distinction of playing a corpse found on a park bench. Roger, falsely accusing Nicole, his white American wife, of infidelity, is driving her to suicide. Simultaneously, the strange history unfolds of the woman Tecton meets one dark night on Hampstead Heath and we begin to recognize in her the features of Miranda, Prospero's daughter. When Nicole chooses Tecton's room in which to kill herself, his over-protective landlady persuades him to bury the body at the bottom of the garden to avoid scandal. The pair then flee to a storm-racked island in the Orkneys.

It is at this point that Mr Lanning's obsession with *The Tempest* as an allegory of colonialism takes full charge. In his version no one, least of all Miranda, lives happily ever after. Miraculously ravished by the descendants of Caliban, she is a sphinx-like whore who spreads her bounty free of charge on Hampstead Heath. All that remains to the children of both Prospero and Caliban are acts of mindless violence: arson, rape, murder and suicide.

Mr Lanning writes very well, but *Water with Berries* does not entirely convince either as a study of the pains of exile, or as an allegory of colonialism. The book flounders between realism and fantasy. The rich resources of the writer's language are frequently dissipated in a thinness of content: too many words chasing too few thoughts.

As for the melodrama of Mr Lanning's *Tempest* myth, it tells us nothing new. Its message has been preached from Havana to Port of

Spain: that colonialism was not nice. Surely we, and the talented George Lanning, have progressed beyond that simplistic formulation.

It was Mr Lanning who described Samuel Selvon as the most important "folk poet" of the British Caribbean has yet produced. *A Brighter Sun*, Mr Selvon's first and probably best novel, appeared in 1952 and it is welcome to see it in this new edition. It is a simple account of life in a Trinidadian village during the Second World War. Indeed, it is not so much a novel as a series of portraits loosely strung together. Selvon recreates with an impressive accuracy the feel of the place, and the passage of the seasons, though his tendency to explain every unfamiliar term to the foreign reader can obtrude irritatingly.

Unhappily, the same welcome cannot be extended to his latest book. *Those Who Eat the Cascadura* is a thoroughly unpleasant and disappointing piece of work, riddled with every cliché of cheap romantic fiction. Garry Johnson (the names are symptomatic) arrives from England on a visit to his fellow-countryman Roger Franklin, who runs a cacao estate. Johnson is "stunned and dispossessed" when he sets eyes on Sarojini whose face "radiated a light such as he had never seen in the face of any woman before". Within minutes our hero is ensconced in the bush with his tropical Helen. The Obeah-man foretells trouble but Garry is too stunned and dispossessed to bother with him. In any case, European-style, he has a piece of strapping lodged in his brain which may kill him at any moment. The tone of the whole thing is conveniently summed up by the estate owner's meditation on his Indian foreman, Prekash:

Roger, desiring his superiority to be maintained, still hated Prekash's servile attitude: he was always trying to make him feel at ease, to soothe the transition from colony to independent country, but it was a slow job.

juxtapositioning of the two styles. And by the time our deformed, scarcely civilized heroes and heroine are found doing battle with a reluctantly rapacious minotaur, fighting off the Chinese Army, or commanding the Emperor's car for their escape, even the most credulous reader should be keeling over with laughter, despite the nagging feeling that the author might have expected some more sober reaction.

Erin, on the road for less pressing reasons than Ogden, and happy to string along enjoying a relationship which has less to do with lust or commitment than liking and companionship.

For Ogden, then, there are the happily random, short-lived encounters with drivers and the mutually generous, if steadily deepening, involvement with Erin. The book lives, however, less in its descriptions of this or that event, this or that place, than in its insistent enthusiasm for "out there" as opposed to "back here". In Mason Smith's telling the grass really can be greener, and the other side of the hill is reached by standing on the roadside and pointing a thumb in the right direction. True, there are times when the sheer sense of glee begins to cloy just a little: Erin's persistent "Oh wow" tends to leave her on the goosy side of cuteness now and then; and Ogden's rapture at the sight of the great outdoors won't bring out the Boy Scout in everyone. But the sense of delight in travelling without a real destination, choosing for no real reason and giving without regret can be infectious at times; and between them, Smith and Jones make out a pretty good case for believing that happiness is possible, even to be expected.

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L'embrasure

219pp. 5.80fr.

JEAN TORTEL:

Limites du regard

124pp. 17fr.

Paris: Gallimard.

HERVE BAZIN:

Jour suivi de La poursuite d'Iris

153pp. Paris: Seuil. 15fr.

One feeds on Philippe Jaccotte's books with an unhurrying delight, in a state of constant, quiet surprise. *La Semaison* consists of *carnets* composed between 1954 and 1967, the first half of which were published by Payot in 1963. As in his recent *Paysages avec figures absentes*, M Jaccotte meditates centrally on nature and his response to it, and on how poetry emerges from, or seals, that response. He writes to establish truth, convinced that beauty will be the result. His language must rhyme with what he perceives outside, with what is discovered by his scrupulous, passionate attentiveness, and also with the emotion which the outside engenders in him. Imagination marries nature and mind; natural objects and the poet's emotions brim together in words.

He creates a sense of wholeness from single, massive metaphors, and from the progressive enlargement of a small thing to a huge, as when snowflakes are seen as maple seeds, then as one seed falling on a village, and the moon appears finally as a white seed above winter branches. Antitheses also relate; they imply oneness by bringing together natural opposites.

Although he is drawn to defined and deep particulars, especially places and objects old and invested with presence, M Jaccotte also homes to what he calls the limitless, the "Tout-autre" whose breath is our animation. This meticulously precise writer welcomes the "exact expression" only when it "illuminates" and "opens the way," it is speculative and metaphysical, but his metaphysics is grounded in a subtly textured awareness of fact.

Hence his desire—a profound development of Verlaine's "Art poétique"—for a poetry which combines limits and the limitless, the rigorous and the vague, so as to set off, by the clarity of an object within the near or of sight, the vastness of the unnamable.

Despite the natural impulse to relate, however, the meditation also recognizes conflict, for M Jaccotte's warmly affirmative sensibility is nevertheless exposed to what militates against life. The "tranquil authority of space" may disburden the self, there may even be notes in the writing of a quietistic contemplativeness: misery still encroaches. His humane and penetrative honesty forbids him at this point to follow so many other writers in "cheating", in excluding their knowledge of the world's suffering from their aesthetic order; it urges him to wish words to be "stripped by wretchedness", and to become themselves "pain".

One nearly always senses behind *La Semaison* such a dense responsiveness to nature that perceptions—especially of beautifully convincing correspondences—feelings and phrases are continually welling. There is much here to enjoy and to ponder, a great deal of human and literary wisdom, and not least an aesthetic in action which, though not without contradictions, offers practical answers to some of the real problems that poets face. The only regret is that the verse poems included do not match his own high standard. When he writes in prose, M Jaccotte is one of the best poets now working in France.

Jacques Dupin's *L'embrasure* is an edition of his collected poems, in which two new sequences: *La ligne de rupture* and *L'ongle*, are added to *Gravir* of 1963 and *L'embrasure* of 1969. His theme is the disorder of the world and of the self, their "illegibility", their unattainability. His poetry refuses not only the false harmonies dreamt up by laziness and fear but also the facile creation, in words, of another order imaginable beyond. He writes to destroy continually, yet edification occurs in the very act of demolishing. Each poem is both a destruction and a permanently flawed construction, an attempt to reach "l'indivision dans le feu", a precarious and paradoxical balance.

The latest poems especially register the catastrophe wrought on the world, by their own brokenness. Their meaning is constantly menaced, especially by the ambiguity and variability of their syntax. The text of *La ligne de rupture* is packed with silence, with looming white spaces on the page. Yet a sense of positive making emerges from the finely achieved hardness of the fragments, from the evidence throughout of tough and intricate performances of the mind.

The difficulty of the poems is up to a point necessary: they aggress against the reader precisely in his expectation that poetry should be as readable as his apparently readable world. It may be the very nature of M Dupin's poetic project, however, which makes the rewards of close attention rather less great than the labour expended.

Plainly anguished

DARIO BELLEZZA:

Invettive e licenze

134pp. Milan: Garzanti. L.1,800.

ANTONIO PORTA:

Metropolis

53pp. Milan: Feltrinelli. L.900.

GAETANO ARCANGELI:

Le Poeste

284pp. Milan: Mondadori. L.3,000.

It is a great pleasure to welcome the work of a young poet who belongs to no group, works to no set formula and does not need the help of a computer. Dario Bellezza relies on his experience and his wit. That is not to say that he is divorced from his generation; far from it, he uses the living language of ordinary people to describe the most painful and tragic situations, misery and deprivation, solitude and non-fulfilment, the revolution that never arrives, rage and frustration, but always without compromise or conformity.

Invettive e licenze is full of stark surprises. Death is a young boy; sex is often shameful or squalid; masturbation jostles incest; the beast is always present. Many of Signor Bellezza's poems are judgments on himself, revealed to the reader not as conscious literary confessions, but casually in an open book. Often they resemble self-inflicted wounds.

Signor Bellezza draws little on the past. Most of his poems are short and stop dead suddenly as if they had been cut out arbitrarily from some sheet of memory and dangled over an abyss, to remain or flutter down. But he has his own sense of rule, a strictness amounting almost to a Calvinistic moral severity. He writes in a dour, uncompromising manner about his own anguish, in the same objective way, remarks Pier Paolo Pasolini in his preface, as Giorgio Morandi contemplates a bottle. But his plain words cover infinite passion. Signor Bellezza crucifies himself for his sins, both of commission and omission:

Dio! Non attendo che la morte.
Ignoro il corso della Storia. So solo
la poesia che è in me e la vita.
(God! I only await death.
I am ignorant of the course of history.
I know only
the beast which is in me and bark.)

Signor Bellezza is searching for a *Padrone*, but his Master ignores him and no longer sings at sunrise to enliven his dead morning. He has lost his God. He longs for freedom, he even feels free, but he is never free. His lost God drives him towards a kind of obedience, an acceptance which leads to a future that holds nothing for him. This is a hard and uninviting answer to the questions of life, but it is expressed by a highly personal and original voice to which we must carefully listen.

At his best, Antonio Porta is an outstanding poet, but even in his splendid volume *Cora* (1969) one could discern a certain poverty of language. This bareness of expres-

Jean Tortel's *Limites du regard* probes the possibility of knowing the world outside and of expressing that world through poetry—of securing in language the beauty and harmony of a nature menaced with death and disorder. The first pieces re-enact the directness, limpidity and careful cadences of a certain French "classical" poetry; the rest of the book opens this style for the easy and melodic stating of reality to a modern critique of the relations between observer and object and between words and things.

In the main, the deep themes are not deeply seized; they are used rather than illuminated. The rhythms, especially those of the free verse, are generally slack and depressing. Nevertheless, the grace of some of the poems, both simple and artful, is a surprising achievement. The more recent work—when it

is deliberately cultivated in *Metropolis*. Signor Porta writes an introduction to this volume, in which he finally drives himself into a linguistic and poetic impasse. The fundamental evil of contemporary culture is definition. To define and to falsify are complementary activities. At a high level definition aspires to dogmatic, lapidary statements: at the lowest level it becomes an instrument of equivocation and deformation. Signor Porta claims that in *Metropolis* he portrays and elucidates this situation.

The book is divided into two parts. The first, "Duplices", gives us examples of the two modes of expression in poetry. Its first section, "Quello che tutti pensano", lists scores of platitudes and clichés in the most unpoetic way imaginable. The second, "La Rosa", displays all the "armature" of poetry, all the snares and wiles of hermeticism, the airtight garden which no one can enter. It resembles the performance of music for an audience of deaf people.

In the second part, "Modelli", Signor Porta tries to teach us to defuse the language (to) by using baby-talk, which everyone can employ in

his own fashion, (b) by instilling consciousness into a working comic, (c) by using the language of a later by coitus, so that they can later be used to blame for their actions and (c) by providing formal self-portrait which can serve as archetypes for the author. The last is highly recommended by Signor Porta as a form of therapy.

Metropolis is a heroic attempt to expound a theory, but it does not succeed in practice. In the end Signor Porta enters a solipsistic world through which he threads his way to a central point of negation and nihilism.

Gaetano Arcangeli was born in Bologna in 1910, resided throughout his life and died in 1969. He began writing poetry at the age of eighteen and his work is markedly free from the mannerisms of his time. In orthodox and traditional forms he expresses his feelings of nature, his feelings of isolation and frustration in an individual world. This poetry of tension and resolution has here been assembled in a definitive volume.

Compression chamber

C. H. SISSON:

English Poetry 1900-1950

267pp. Hart-Davis. £3.50.

C. H. Sisson's survey of modern English poetry whisks us briskly from the Rhymers' Club to David Gascoyne in 260 pages, working its way en route through a host of major and minor poets. Of these, Pound, Eliot and Yeats get chapters to themselves; the rest get an average of perhaps five or six pages each. It is difficult to see how much can be gained from this compressed and fragmentary scheme. Mr Sisson is deeply suspicious of attempts to chart trends, movements and tendencies, and wants instead to distil "the best English verse of the first half of the century": what seems to emerge in the end, however, is a fairly unsatisfactory compromise between the two projects. Why should a book which believes little or nothing is to be gained by mapping poetic movements present us with chapters on the Nineties, Imagism, the Thirties and the Forties? Why, on the other hand, should a book devoted to digging out the "best" modern poetry waste its time on such distantly peripheral figures as A. H. Bullen, Ernest Dowson, F. S. Flint and Clive Parsons?

Mr Sisson has not, in fact, made anything like a decisive choice between writing literary history on the one hand and offering a critical revaluation on the other. If he does believe that figures like Bullen and Parsons have been damagingly underrated, he signally fails to substantiate his critical case; and he does so not only because the structure of the book makes extended

commentary impossible, but also because his own critical method is the reverse of rigorous. Close analysis yields ground consistently to random, occasionally anecdotal feelings: it is hard to believe, for instance, that an account of Wilfred Owen which begins with the penetratingly perceptive statement that "Wilfred Owen was a war poet ever there was one" is going to do more than retrace stately family ground, and indeed it doesn't. Compelled by his thesis to find something of value in the dreariest of chosen versifiers, Mr Sisson is forced into some gems of justification. Dowson's sickly effusion on the subject of Cynara is "certainly unfashionable stuff—nonsense if you like, though not complete nonsense—but it contains a contribution to poetry. Not every one who lives thirty-three years does anything so useful." This muddledly represents about the level of point to which the book's level of critical intelligence sinks; but it also signifies a confusion between literary critical and literary historical judgment from which the survey never wholly escapes.

The 1972 Sanders Lectures at Cambridge are being given by F. F. S. Sisson, Reader in German Renaissance Studies, on "Monsters and Emblems Book in Sixteenth-Century Germany". The first lecture, "Monsters and Hieroglyphs as Vehicles of Graphic Allegory", was given yesterday. The second and third, on February 17 and 24 respectively, will both be devoted to "Emblems and Devices in their Historical Context".

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THE STATE OF ENGLISH—I

The first of a series of articles reporting on the present state of English Studies in a number of British universities

University of Sussex

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

sensibilities refined, and who is—thanks to Sussex—now equipped "to confront the bewildering phenomena of modern civilization"? The rhetoric is, of course, a compromise between the rival claims of other rhetorics, and secretes beneath a guise of forward-looking secularism a refusal to surrender the old mystic aspirations.

Neither Professor Daiches, nor Sussex, is alone in seeking such a compromise—as we saw in our introductory piece last week. More than learnt a more vital kind of "evaluative" approach than Chicago had provided, for Sussex—more importantly, perhaps—has also awakened there to the "possibility of widening the cultural context to look beyond England to the Western tradition as a whole". (On the other hand, just in case we are misled into

thinking that Cambridge had the answer all along, he learnt, too, "how easily a curriculum that was wide and deep in theory could in practice degenerate into a simple 'wine-tasting' course for casual students with a few bright ideas.") The genealogy of Professor Daiches's position is worth bearing in mind when one examines the curriculum—"so wide and deep in theory"—that he introduced at Sussex. Friends of the Sussex system do not doubt view the course as implementing the best of all other courses whilst jettisoning the worst—it is historical, evaluative, and wide-ranging; it aims to be both sternly informative and warmly civilizing. Enemies, however, might easily diagnose the jaunty, inter-disciplinary cocksureness, the obsession with contexts, with background and ideo-

logies, as a mere sophistication of the old-style superficiality that Professor Daiches encountered at Edinburgh. Others, of course, may find the Sussex curriculum just too baffling to form any views about. According to one lecturer I spoke to, its complexity is such that a student reading, say, History as a major subject in the School of English and American Studies has a theoretical choice of 200 million options open to him. I took the lecturer's word for it. Certainly, the factoring of the syllabus is not one of the least taxing scholarly exercises facing a newcomer to the university. Not only does one have to master the arcane language—all those "cores" and "contextuals"—and discipline oneself never to talk about faculties and



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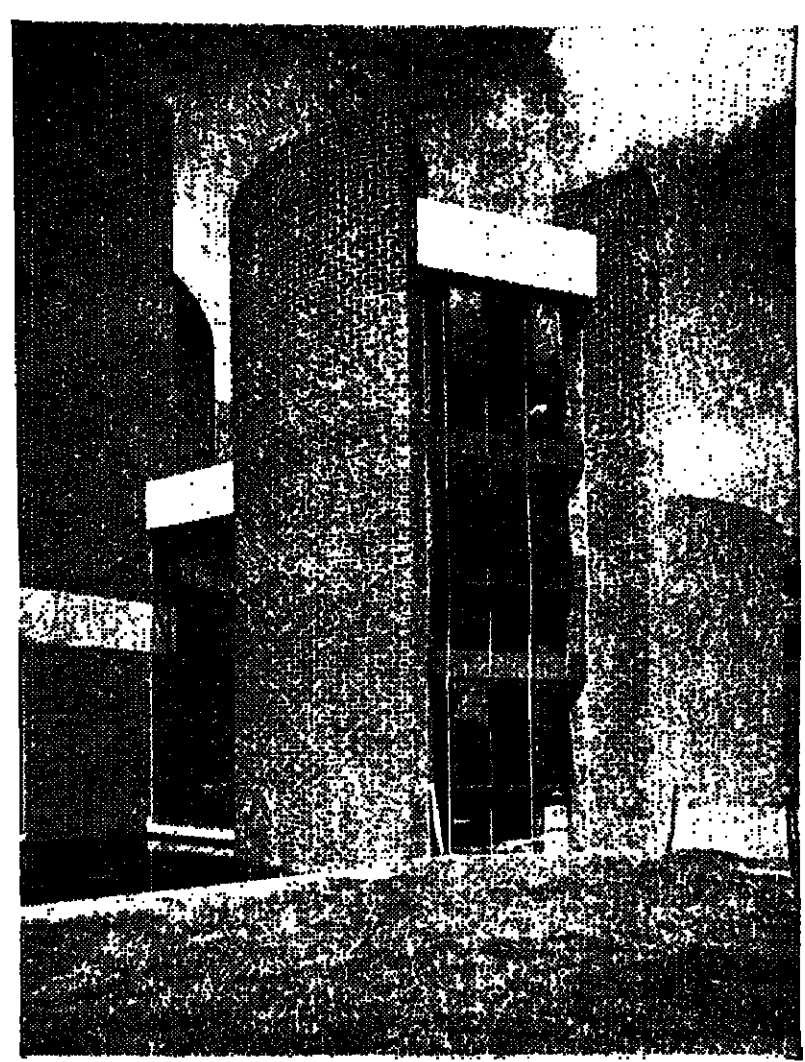
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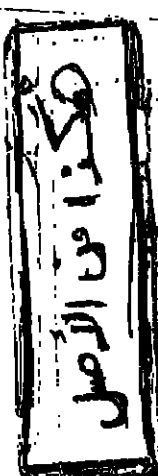
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Departments: one also has to deploy the permutative skill of a Littlewood regular in factoring the full scope of the offered intellectual adventures. Crude paraphrase, the method is as follows. The student first has to settle for a main subject of study (or, in Sussex's mid-Atlantic parlance, his major) and also for a School in which to study it. On the Arts side of the university there are five Schools of Studies—Afro-Asian, Cultural and Community, English and American, European and Social. The student can major in English in the first four of these Schools; in History in all five.

But first there is a two-term preliminary course to be gone through; this course in fact comprises three or four mini-courses—one of these will be a "School" course, which in the case of the School of English and American Studies is called "Critical Reading". This mini-course modestly aims to "introduce the study of civilization in Britain and the United States of America" by examining, mostly through literature, movements in sensibility and society over the past 400 years. The student can, of course, take his pick of whichever particular bit of sensibility and society attracts him, though the hits are fairly hefty: the seventeenth century, Enlightenment and Romanticism, the nineteenth century, modernism and American civilization.

Thus it is possible for the Sussex freshman to spend a single term encompassing the nineteenth century. Suspicions that this might be a bit much for him are not entirely dispelled by the so-called "Common" courses (common, that is, to all five arts schools) which offer—again allowing a single term—instruction in "Language and Values" and "An Introduction to History".

The latter course is one of Sussex's more prized eccentricities and is an example of what a lecturer politely described as the university's "problem-orientated" character. "What problems is the historian concerned with?" asks the *Guide for Applicants*. "How does he define and investigate them? Why do historians disagree in the answers they give? What is the relationship between the motives and purposes of individuals and sequences of social change?" These weighty puzzles are considered in terms of a single book—either Burkhardt's *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy*, Plekhanov's *The Role of the Individual in History*, Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, Bloch's *Feudal Society* or the Hammonds' *The Rise of Modern Industry* (in simple way of spotting the Sussex graduate used to be the frequency with which he quoted Tawney or Burkhardt—originally the sole choice for this course; now that the list has been extended spotting will be just slightly less immediate).

Once past prelims—which some students find rigorous and which a few recently boycotted—the undergraduate embarks on the BA course; during which about half his time will be devoted to the major subject, and about a half to helpful "contextuals". Of the five contextual

papers, four permit choices within their categories: the categories being History, an interdisciplinary "Topic" (e.g. History-Literature, Philosophy-Literature, or Art-Literature), Philosophy, and one of pleasing nebulousness which ranges from Culture and Society in Contemporary Britain to The Bible in English Literature. The fifth contextual paper is compulsory and is another that Sussex takes unusual pride in. It's called "The Modern European Mind". For study purposes this airy concept is sliced into two parts: "Expression" and "Diagnosis". For Expression—defined as "the ways in which the literary imagination has responded to the problems of modern industrial society"—the recommended illuminators are Dostoevskii (the usual Sussex spelling of the name), Joyce, Lawrence, Kafka, Mann, Malraux, Camus, Proust and "some French symbolist and modern English poets". For Diagnosis, the student's gaze is directed to Marx, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Arnold, Ruskin, Morris, Freud and Jung.

The Modern European Mind paper can perhaps be taken as a reliable touchstone for judging the merits of the Sussex system, since its ambitions are as grandiose as its envisaged failures. When deploring the Edinburgh system of his youth, Professor Daiches described the kind of student it produced as one who was equipped to "write a knowledgeable answer on, say, the development of verse satire in England before Dryden, talking about Marston, Hall and others, whom he had never read and was not expected to have read". The converse of such bogus scholarship is not so far from the empty, mimicked "European" breadth that Sussex easily encourages. One student describes the risk as follows: acknowledging the "Modern European Mind" course as "the climax of the Sussex Arts Course", she

found it both stimulating and frustrating. So many great minds to grapple with in so short a space of time. I miss Dostoevskii in a couple of weeks university term is short and there will be time to read in detail the books so casually mentioned—to fill in the huge blanks between those heavily under-scored passages that provided the MEM quotes. The three K's, Kierkegaard, Kafka and Camus (who may in time regain their individuality in my mind—when I can forget the struggle I underwent trying to write a tutorial paper on the theme "Is K in Kafka really Kierkegaard?").

Similarly resonant questions were to be found in last year's take-away exam paper; students were given three days to come up with two essays of not more than 2,000 words on topics that included: "Has the modern theatre proved itself adequate to express the central problems of modern experience?" "A map is what he is not and is not what he is (Sartre). What is gained by describing man's situation in these terms?" "All seeing is essentially perspective and so is all knowing. Discuss."

The current president of the Sussex

Students Union has denounced the "crass superficiality" that results from the contextuals system and although during my recent visit to the university I found few students who would pitch it quite that strongly, I did find there was fairly widespread grumbling about the impossibility of keeping pace with the huge demands of the wide-ranging courses. One group I spoke to wanted the course extended to four years: "There's just too much", said one student.

We have to work too hard and there isn't time to cover things properly. The worst courses are notoriously the poetry courses—Wordsworth in a week, that kind of thing.

Another said: If you can't use the vacations it's impossible to keep up. People who haven't got the money and have to take jobs in the vacations, I just don't see how they keep up. There isn't time to get the reading done in term. You've got to cover the English novel in two terms. Hardly in a week, that kind of thing. We have to cover too much too quickly.

Others took a harsher line: the course, said one, "tends to a Colour Supplement approach. Covering huge areas in a superficial way". Another: "Some of the tutors tend to have read a book of teach-it-yourself sociology which they apply to everything".

The sociological approach, in fact, was often singled out for criticism when I asked another group to comment on the approach rather than the scope of Sussex English Studies:

What people always ask here is, is it relevant? Is it relevant to me today? Is it relevant to the course? The word bourgeois gets thrown around a lot here. There's a lot of anxiety here at Sussex. People want to know the function of what they're doing, rather than being interested in its quality. . . . I've heard people dismissing George Eliot as a bourgeois novelist.

In similar vein, it was complained that Wordsworth was studied at Sussex as a political case, with very little emphasis on what was touchingly described as "the spiritual bits".

In spite of such scepticism, though, the same students tended to name Sussex-based literary critics as the ones they most admired, and in general to concede that the course might turn out in the end to have been more coherent and meaningful than they were finding it at present. I asked the same groups as well about the reading they did for pleasure; a few claimed not to know that such a thing was possible, but a remarkable majority of the others named not just the predictable Tolkien ("He's Hobbit-forming", quipped one) but other children's or "adult fantasy" works. What was the last book they'd read voluntarily? "It was a children's book, actually, by Alan Garner", "The last book I read was *Winnie the Pooh*. And *The Making of a Coun-*

ter Culture". "The Virgin and the Gipsy and *The Way of all Flesh*. And Tolkien". Others spoke glowingly of C. S. Lewis's Narnia books, and a rare student I spoke to who hadn't read Tolkien had just emerged from *The Greening of America*. When I ventured the view that the interest in fantasy-escape literature might in some way derive from the excessive "problem-orientation" of the English course, there was qualified assent.

It was mildly dispiriting to pass from the above reading list to a tutorial which closed with a Lenin-badged tutor requiring his student to read *Fiesta* and *The Great Gatsby* by next week. "Phew!" exclaimed the young scholar, as he contemplated this extravagant work-load. "I've never read Hemingway before and I don't think I'm going to like it." The tutor agreed that it was not like this in the old days; whereas he used to read *Gatsby* for work and Hemingway for pleasure, the new student reads Hemingway for work and nothing for pleasure. Or perhaps he attends that same tutor's series of lectures on the Cinema, a course currently focusing on the Western.

The question of superficiality came up also in my conversations with staff in the School of English and American Studies. The views expressed were inevitably more guarded and even when the possibilities of shallowness and pretentiousness were conceded there was an equal stress on the possible advantages. Professor Laurence Lerner described it all helpfully when I asked him how one might distinguish between a Sussex graduate in English and one nurtured by a more conventional university. The Sussex student, he said, would know a lot about special areas; he might, for example, be eloquent on the subject of urbanization in the nineteenth-century novel—but not know whether Edward III came before or after Richard II. As a sort of parody comparison, he suggested that if he said to a student at, say, Bristol: "Is there a psychological theory in 'The Prelude'?" or "What does it mean to call *Charlotte* a bourgeois novel?" he would be met with blank looks; the Sussex man could cope with these problems. On the other hand, if he asked the Sussex man "What was the influence of Wyatt and Surrey on Elizabethan poetry?" the reply might well be "Who? What? Wyatt? Surrey? Are they places or people?" Or problems? one might also add.

The Sussex work-load being what the students say it is, I was none too surprised to find a strictly perfunctory incidence of extra-curricular cultural activities. The Arts Centre at Sussex (originally conceived as a cultural link between town and gown) has been for some time the centre of a continuing controversy—the quarrel centring on the administrators' alleged neglect of the university's cultural requirements, an ex-

cessive, London-oriented, inter-theatre, poor musical competence and so on—but there was little about the issues. According to official at the Centre, the Centre was fairly apathetic and unrepresented only 40 per cent of its audiences at the theatrical productions. He also claimed that little of the Centre's fringe life, even so, it would seem that the variety, which supplies a major part of the Centre's subsidy, is like a start asking you for closer connections of its activities and the merits of the curriculum.

In the literary field, activity seemed to be restricted to chirpily ill-written tabloid *Arletti* (its Christmas issue *Arletti* was all jokes and about 10 per cent of the jokes were about Marxist-type student revolts). Margaret Thatcher, the Centre, and sex took care of the remaining 20 per cent and *University*, an information leaflet, or been absorbed by *Unesco*. Neither of them left much room for creativity; indeed, no seemed able to remember when sex last had a literary magazine. Asked why most people were not asked old apathy, though some of the hopeful spirits—mainly staff—here—believed that the tutorial, which required such imaginative concentration that students had to leave over for next morning, with university's Information Office, Fred Newman, thought it was of both. A decently delicate mind, since he himself edits an art and very professional-looking campus magazine called *Focus*, and then to hand over the editorship of an issue to a group of undergraduates. Guess which group offered themselves (indeed were only group to do so). Here is an extract from the guest editorial:

We believe that Fred Newman's motives in this action were not purely altruistic, but were first difficulties in persuading people to write for the magazine. Their reluctance, in turn, results from the lack of focus in the University, and the role which that editorial reflects. Newman, of course, would deny this. Under his editorship, his particular role as viewpoint, taking no position, expressing opinion, is in itself taking sides. We know which side we are on, etc.

There followed articles on Ideology and the University, All Imperialism and the IDS (Institute of Development Studies), in *Focus*, under his editorship, his particular role as viewpoint, taking no position, expressing opinion, is in itself taking sides. We know which side we are on, etc.

Next week: Durham University.

Corrections of a sinner

DANIEL DEFOE:

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders
Edited by G. A. Starr.
408pp. Oxford University Press.
£2.50.

In the "Note on the Text" of his new edition of *Moll Flanders*, G. A. Starr justifies his decision to use the first edition as his copy text instead of the "Third Edition, Corrected" of late 1722, as is the usual modern practice. Examination has shown that this edition does not live up to the claims of its title: it is, in fact, merely the fourth issue (with a new title page) of the "Second Edition, Corrected", which had appeared in July, while the so-called corrections are almost all excisions, tightening of phrasing, and similar devices, simply used to compress and abbreviate Defoe's narrative. Professor Starr considers that Defoe had no hand in these minor but consistent alterations. His full textual notes enable the reader to judge for himself and reveal no changes beyond the capabilities of an average hack editor of the day. So the "seasoned old sinner" of Virginia Woolf's apt phrase stands unashamedly before us once again, the attainment and conscious-

ness of social respectability. Around *Moll Flanders* there has grown up a controversial literature of scholarly interpretation. Professor Starr is understandably wary as he picks his way through the views of Ian Watt, Dorothy Van Ghent, and others, but he gives a clear account of the questions currently engaging critical attention. His own view is mainly tactfully open, and one finds an equal degree of modesty in his willingness to claim more than the power to throw indirect illumination on the novel for an admirable selection of parallel passages from Defoe's critical works and useful topographical material from his *Tour* which are included in the notes. Indeed the notes as a whole could be bettered, and are perhaps the most impressive in any volume contributed to this series so far. Professor Starr's select bibliography necessarily omits general discussions of Defoe or even interesting sections on *Moll Flanders* in books and essays of a general nature (the lady concerned to have inspired innumerable writers to produce the odd good page of acute critical judgment) but gives a comprehensive survey of modern specialist studies of the novel.

Meetings of true bodies

ASHLEY MONTAGU:

Touching: The Human Significance of the Skin
338pp. Columbia University Press.
£3.80.

RAY L. BIRDWHISTELL:

Kinesics and Context: Essays on Body-Motion Communication
338pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press.
£3.75.

Both of these books deal with communication, a word with a tiny hard centre wrapped in multiple coatings and yielding a great variety of flavours. The communications engineer and information theorist use it in a rather precise sense; the psychiatrist and industrialist use it more loosely. For a decade, at least, after the Second World War many industrialists were seduced by "rogue" psychiatrists into believing that communication would resolve all industrial disputes. It was only necessary for the disputants to "talk the matter through" round the table. A hungry man would then be convinced that his belly was full. This long-standing preoccupation with words as the heart and soul of communication is now giving way to the study of other media. Ashley Montagu considers communication by touch; Ray Birdwhistell, communication by body movement. Both authors steer clear of industry.

By "touching" Professor Montagu means contact with another's (or with one's own) skin which is felt as satisfying. This may take the

form of "caressing, cuddling, holding, stroking or patting" and it includes the "massive stimulation involved in sexual intercourse". The principal question he asks is this: what are the effects on an individual's subsequent life of his tactile experience, or lack of it, in infancy? His answer spreads over seven chapters devoted, respectively, to the skin's "mind", developmental aspects of touch, breastfeeding, intimate and sexual contact, and cultural differences. His presentation is clear, informative, and wide-ranging.

One of his more interesting suggestions is that the comparatively prolonged labour in the human female, and the uterine contractions, serve the same purpose as licking and grooming of the new-born in other animals which activate and sustain post-natal functioning of respiratory, gastro-intestinal and other bodily systems. Human gestation, he claims, is only half completed at birth, and the birth of the foetus cannot be delayed, because of the size of its brain in relation to the vaginal passage through which it must pass at birth.

Professor Montagu regards his approach as complementary to the psychosomatic. The latter is centrifugal—the effect of mind on skin; his own is centripetal—the effect of skin on mind.

In this otherwise well-documented book written by a former professor of anatomy, it is regrettable that there is no reference to Sir Charles Bell, who seems to have been among the first to recognize the significance of touch in human experience. Nor is

there any mention of the important studies of haptics, and the tactile world of the blind, by G. Révész, or of kindred experiments by the late D. Katz of Stockholm, whose paper "The World of Touch", published in the 1930s, broke new ground.

Professor Birdwhistell is altogether more ambitious, exacting and rigorous. He addresses himself, not to a popular readership, but to the zealous student of linguistics and other human sciences. By "body-movement" he means the whole range of non-verbal and non-vocal communication.

Our problem is to describe the structure of body motion communication behaviour in a way which allows us to measure the significance of particular motions or complexes of motions to the communicational process.

Kinesics, the study of "body motion behaviour", identifies, Professor Birdwhistell claims, a finite set of elements which may be combined, according to coding rules, into an infinite number of ordered combinations which define human communication. Thus, in the face and head area there are said to be some thirty-two "kinesemes". The nose has four: "wrinkle-nose", "compressed nostrils", "bilateral nostril flare", and "unilateral nostril flare or closure". Kinesemes correspond to phonemes in linguistic analysis, and they combine to form *kinesmorphs*, which may be further analysed into kinomorphic classes which correspond to linguistic morphemes.

The plausible assumptions made are, first, that "human beings are constantly engaged in adjustments to

the presence and activities of other human beings"; second, that "kinesic behaviour is learned, systematic, and analyzable". Hence no motion or gesture is a universal symbol that conveys the same meaning everywhere.

Professor Birdwhistell rejects black-box models as inadequate for the study of social phenomena. But perhaps he lays undue emphasis on predictability. For us to deal with others "in any systematic and comfortable way they must behave in a predictable manner. In turn, we must behave predictably if we are to comprehend ourselves." But why should we subscribe to this dogma? Life would be very dull if we were wholly predictable to ourselves and others. Indeed, I may be said to learn to know myself to the extent that I am, to myself, unpredictable; and I learn to know others, by virtue of their unpredictability.

Professor Birdwhistell's views, although expressed as a forceful, personal credo, are based on massive and large-scale inquiries, aided, particularly, by the camera and slow-motion projection. Nevertheless, the sources on which he sometimes relies for "moral" support do not always carry conviction. For example, he more than once cites generalizations by Margaret Mead, who seems content with a sample of one;

when the Englishman makes a speech (she writes) he stands erect, presents his material with authority, and makes no apology for his appearance before a group. He is there to instruct them and feels none of the American speaker's need to tell a joke to the

audience to cool them or warm them up before he starts.

Who, one wonders, was this Englishman that she succeeded in spotting? *Kinesics and Context* is in fact an assembly made by the editor, Barton Jones, of excerpts from Professor Birdwhistell's writings, many of which are scattered in inaccessible publications. The result is something of an untidy patchwork. An index would have made the reader's task easier. What we are given is a digest of observations, opinions and interpretations, and a sketch of a code. For the evidence we must turn to the original papers.

The essential idea in kinesics is adumbrated in the work of Edward Sapir and H. S. Sullivan, from linguistic and psychiatric points of view respectively. The latter displayed a profound grasp of the interpersonal significance of non-verbal and non-vocal elements not only in the psychiatric interview but in all social transactions. It is Professor Birdwhistell's considerable merit to have attempted the arduous task of designing detailed methods of systematic coding of the minutiae of expressive behaviour; in other words, of establishing the grammar and syntax of movement. Although one may question whether the dissection of movement or posture into "atomic" rather than "topological" units is meaningful, the positive repercussions of research into kinesics will be far-reaching, in psychiatry, drama, developmental psychology, and in the general study of communication in the broadest sense.

A reformist and a rationalist

NORMAN BIRNBAUM:

Toward a Critical Sociology
451pp. Oxford University Press.
£5.25.

Norman Birnbaum taught sociology at the London School of Economics and Oxford from the early 1950s until 1966. He lived through the period of Suez and Budapest in Britain, and was one of the members of the original editorial board of the *New Left Review*. He sought to understand these experiences, however, not simply from the point of view of academic sociology, and still less from the point of view of an American sociologist visiting Britain. For he was always a rare bird among British academics, a genuine cosmopolitan political intellectual, who having imbibed the culture of European Marxism at an early age, in New York, found himself thoroughly at home in intellectual society in France, Germany and Switzerland, and quite unable to contain himself to the insularity which his adoption might have imposed. His return to the United States represented a genuine loss to British sociology.

The essays in *Toward a Critical Sociology* reflect Dr Birnbaum's life and preoccupations. If the title is taken literally, the emphasis should be on the *toward*, for clearly one does not have the sense of a destination arrived at. One might perhaps hope for a later volume simply entitled "A Critical Sociology", but that surely is too much to hope from those who joined the *New Left* in the late 1950s and are now middle-aged. The most that they are likely to have to say is something about what they were, about how they saw briefly a hope of influencing history, but finally about how they saw their intellectual world dissolve. The point about Dr Birnbaum is that this part of the story is

Surprisingly, the long opening essay on ideology in social theory is less than convincing. But it announces to the readers both the qualities and the defects of what is to come. It starts with a review of Marxist analyses of ideology, and one feels at once that Dr Birnbaum is thoroughly at home with his material, not over-dogmatic, and interesting to someone who does not speak the same intellectual language. It then goes on to encompass a vast range of material from European and American sociology and seems to show a genuine openness of mind to non-Marxist ideas, such as those which derive from psychoanalysis, from structuralism, from humanistic critiques of Marxism, and even from American empiricism. On the other hand, one does feel that the unquestioned centrality given to Marxist scholarship poses some of the questions wrongly and that the openness, even eclecticism, of the later part of the chapter may actually involve the acceptance of non-Marxist ideas as mere footnotes to Marxism. There is, moreover, a lack of clarity in the definition of the concept of ideology and in the notion of its relation to social structure, which suggests a greater interest in the world of Marxist intellectualism than a sociological analysis of a central problem.

But this is the earliest essay included and may well do less than justice to the peculiar blend of ideas which is Dr Birnbaum's own. When he confronts the essay by Edward Shils and Michael Young on the apologetic significance of the Coraggio, an essay for which he has little respect, or when he reviews Robert Nisbet's book *The Sociological Tradition*, of which he is deeply appreciative despite its inherent conservatism, what he sets against his opponents is a very straightforward reformist rationalism. He is never caught up in that conspiracy between conservatism and socialism, which Don Marjandale saw once as characteristic of the sociological tradition.

dillon, because he believes that the best sociology is taught where men are trying to change their world for the better. And, despite any alienation from the LSE which is betrayed here, the fact is that he accords to the intentions of its founders, and of its demographically-orientated teachers, a respect which would not be accorded by many of his closest intellectual friends.

The essays which follow are about the sociology of religion, his specialism, about the sociology of sociology, and about the politics of the post-Suez period. One essay reports his research on the Zwinglian Reformation in Zürich, but the research and Zürich seem like little more than take-off points for meandering intellectual, religious and secular,

on both sides of the Iron Curtain. His unofficial rather than his official contacts with the communist world seem to have been more successful, and he paints a dismal picture indeed of the failure of the Russians, at least, really to seek a dialogue with their Western sociological counterparts. Much happier is his encounter with those varieties of Marxist revisionism which have emanated from Frankfurt. He accepts the Frankfurt refugees' respect for psychoanalysis, he sees Lukács and Gramsci as great creative figures in the history of Marxism, and, while being intellectually stimulated by Lévi-Strauss, has little to say other than to express puzzlement at the Marxist structuralism of Louis Althusser.

The final problem of the book, however, is how this culture may best be used in a British or an American context. Not easily, it seems. The British New Left is diagnosed as looking for a continuation of Britain's imperial role. Oxford PPIsm is a painful experience about which it is barely possible to write coherently, and there is a reference later to the American student movement as "the children's crusade". Social and political analysis of a rather general Marxist kind applied to late capitalism is nearly all that remains, except for one last essay which is about the role of a knowledge elite and the need to analyse what institutions of higher education will be like when they cease to provide only for elites. The sad thing is that not only the PPI but also Dr Birnbaum's own urbanity may be swept away when that happens.

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سكرا من الأصل

The collapse of the Habsburg Monarchy

INGEBORG MECKLING:
Die Auseinandersetzung des Grafen Czernin
371pp. Munich: Oldenbourg.
DM 15.

Count Ottokar Czernin was appointed Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary on December 22, 1916, by the Emperor Charles, just a month after the latter's accession to the throne. Czernin came of an old Bohemian aristocratic family, one of those which adopted German in place of Czech as its language in the Counter-Reformation. Before the First World War he had been very close to Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and had advised him on plans for the future reform of the Habsburg Monarchy. It was largely because of this association with his late uncle that the young Emperor made him his Minister.

Czernin had served as Austro-Hungarian Minister to Rumania from May, 1913, until Rumania entered the war on the Allied side. During this period he had shown himself an able diplomat, capable of understanding with some sympathy the people to whose court he was accredited. Czernin illustrated in his person some of the contradictions of the Monarchy. His first loyalty was undoubtedly to the supranational state and to its dynasty. At the same time he felt himself to be in some sense a German: loyalty to the allied German Empire was for him a moral duty. He was also very much the Bohemian nobleman, proud of the history of his lower fatherland; yet, though he certainly had no use for the extreme German nationalists in Bohemia, he disliked the Czechs a good deal more.

Czernin was rightly described by Benedikt in his memoirs as "the last Foreign Minister who still pursued an Austro-Hungarian policy". He tried to satisfy his German ally and his Austro-German fellow-citizens while maintaining the Monarchy's independence as a Great Power. He failed because the forces against him were too strong. His career is of wider historical interest, and Ingeborg Meckling's study, issued as part of a series of the Institut für Österreichkunde, presents the events and problems of his period in office in a clear, objective and readable manner, and brings the man himself to life.

Charles wanted to satisfy the component nations of the Monarchy, and above all he wanted peace. He was prepared to consider a separate peace with the Western Powers, though he was unwilling to cede Austrian territory to Italy. He sympathized with the French claim to Alsace-Lorraine. All this was made clear in the communications through Prince Sixtus of Parma, not all of which were known to Czernin. By contrast, Czernin aimed at a

general peace. He refused to abandon his German ally, but he hoped that Austria would be able by independent initiative to negotiate a general peace on the basis of the status quo. He welcomed the slogan of "no annexations and no indemnities", so dear to the leaders of the Petrograd Soviet, and he hoped that his efforts for a general peace would be assisted by the United States.

Czernin's task was complicated by internal politics. Since the Reichsrat had assembled in the summer of 1917, the government could not have a parliamentary majority unless it had the support of the Poles. This determined Czernin's fluctuating attitudes on the settlement for conquered Poland which had to be agreed between Berlin and Vienna. So long as Galicia was part of the Monarchy, he must appear friendly to Polish aspirations. If Galicia could be included in a Polish state linked more closely to Austria than to Germany, then he could not only keep Polish good will, but by getting the Galicians out of the Reichsrat he could create a situation in which the German deputies, together with some Slovene and Croatian allies, could outvote the Czechs and the more militant South Slavs.

After the Russian Revolution, Czernin sought the approval of the Social Democrats by accepting peace without annexations, which the German High Command refused to do. After the Bolsheviks had come to power, Czernin saw that their slogan of national self-determination could be accepted and turned against them. At the same time he refused to apply the principle to the internal affairs of the Monarchy: if the Bolsheviks had agreed to self-determination within the Russian Empire, that was fine, but victorious Austria-Hungary would do nothing of the sort. However, Czernin's position at home was still precarious. The massive strikes which began in Lower Austria on January 16, 1918, were connected with the peace issue. The Social Democratic leaders were persuaded to call the movement off on January 20 by a government statement disclaiming any plans for Polish self-determination. However, the food crisis in Austria continued, and Czernin was forced to promise a Ukrainian Crown Land in East Galicia, and the inclusion of the Cholma district in the independent (ex-Russian) Ukrainian state in order to get speedy assurance of large-scale deliveries of Ukrainian grain for undernourished Vienna. These concessions of course aroused the rage of the Galician Poles.

In the peace negotiations with defeated Rumania, Czernin and Charles showed themselves generous in comparison with the Germans. They were able to secure honour-

able treatment for the Rumanian royal family, but had to agree to the annexation of the whole of Dobruja by Bulgaria. This was however mitigated by the Central Powers' consent to the annexation by Rumania of Bessarabia. This point does not receive enough attention from Miss Meckling. Rumania was not to be cut off entirely from the sea, and a common frontier between Bulgaria and the Ukraine (let alone Russia) was to be avoided.

Miss Meckling tells the now fairly well known story of the various peace negotiations between Austria-Hungary and the Western Powers, culminating in the polemic between Czernin and Clemenceau which brought about the former's fall. She interprets his provocative speech of April 2 to the Vienna Municipal Council as a reiteration of his consistent attitude that peace must be made on the basis of the status quo.

She explains the bitter attacks on the Czechs in the speech as essentially intended to give the impression to friend and foe that there was a firm hand at the helm in Vienna. She rightly describes his anti-Czech remarks as *tollkühn*, and notes that their effect on internal politics was counter-productive. But one feels that there was more to it than this, and that Czernin was now thinking no more of a compromise but of a victorious peace. Italy had been crippled by Caporetto, Russia had been smashed and deprived of her richest provinces, and there was every hope that the German offensive in the West would smash the French and British armies before American military efforts could become effective. Czernin's taunts to Clemenceau sound like those of a

victor. But it was the tiger who won the victory, first over Czernin, and then over Germany.

Czernin in his memoirs considered the collapse of the Habsburg Monarchy as unavoidable. Miss Meckling asks in her conclusion whether he is not thereby trying "to reduce the responsibility for the events, which is very largely his own". She blames "the fatal domination of the traditionalist forces in the Monarchy, leaning for support on the alliance with Germany". It was this combination, she argues, which finally prevented a federalization of the Monarchy or a separate peace. There is much truth in this. One might say that final disaster was brought about by the unwilling cooperation of two natural enemies: the German nationalists on both sides of the Bohemian mountains, and the exponents of supranational *Kaisertreue*.

Yet this is only the end of a long story. *Kaisertreue* and refusal to recognize nationality as the basis of the legitimacy of power were a source of strength to the Monarchy in its great days; yet they were responsible for a foreign policy which led by clearly visible stages to its downfall. The annexation of Galicia in 1772 was a disaster. It brought no advantage to the Monarchy and therefore fatally retarded its freedom of manoeuvre in relation to Russia and Prussia, as well as involving it in the insoluble disputes of Poles with Ukrainians. The annexation of Venice in 1797 and again in 1815 also brought no advantage, and involved the Monarchy inevitably in future conflicts with France. If the Monarchy was to expand, it would have done better

Plenipotentiaries as people

MARGERY WEINER:
The Sovereign Remedy
Europe After Waterloo
272pp. Constable. £3.50.

The prologue to *The Sovereign Remedy* describes Napoleon's meeting with Alexander I, on a raft on the Niemen near Tilsit, in 1807; the rest of it deals with the series of congresses, from 1814 to 1822, that helped to bring Napoleon's empire down and to govern Europe thereafter—Vienna, Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Verona. Margery Weiner tells us:

This book is concerned less with national policies than with the actual congresses and with the friendships and enmities of statesmen and sovereigns, which made them so rich in comedy and drama. To give the congresses "the form and colour of their own words, derived from manuscript sources and their published correspondence. Except where absolutely essential I have deliberately avoided consulting modern secondary works.

Miss Weiner has produced plenty of interesting and entertaining passages on the background, character, and methods of the plenipotentiaries; saying less of what they conferred about, and more of what they said. After all, congresses seldom if ever resolve problems, unless what they are to decide has been settled before they meet: the diplomatic historian's work must concentrate rather on the patient months of prior negotiation than on the formalities exchanged across the green table. So we are spared long quotations here from statesmen's memoranda. Instead, we are told the sort of people they were; whether their main interests lay in their work, their estates, their money, their mistresses, or their wives. The book is full of telling *aperçus*, worth reading both by scholars and by intelligent people who want to know what the past was like.

Miss Weiner stresses, for instance, the importance that music had for Metternich; emphasizes, Gentz's rapacity; reckons that it cost £460 for a single British king's messenger to travel up St. Petersburg and back.

records Chateaubriand's horror at seeing Napoleon's former mistress, Marie Louise, happily going in to dinner on Wellington's "right arm, yet red from Waterloo"; and counts 200 extra policemen each from Milan and Vienna, brought to assure the safety of the delegates at Verona. She reckons she has discovered the assertion that Lord Castlereagh had something to do with Alexander I's rumoured disappearance into private life, though on the questionable ground that his lordship's "papers have nothing to tell" on the subject. The first thing one would need, if involved in so tricky a plot, would be the discretion to write nothing down about it.

She concludes that the congress statesmen became not only unconscious Europeans but even unconscious internationalists, although only Gentz, a Prussian, in the service of Austria, had some title to be considered the first international servant outside the Roman Catholic church. All of them would have stoutly rebutted the title of European; none of them would have admitted the internationalism which was the dream of Alexander.

"Are men", she asks in her last paragraph, "although capable of lofty aspirations, incapable of compassing them? Is the rule of reason, justice and humanity always to be unattainable?"

Alas, the method by which Miss Weiner has set out her story is too often one to make a scholar wince. In a four-page bibliography, one of the four lines devoted to manuscript sources in England reads, with stark simplicity, "Public Record Office". There are many quotations, but only a single source reference; and that gives the book, but not the page, that she quotes. The only other note refers us to an earlier work of her own.

The translations (excellent, by the way) are presumably hers; we are never told. Her syntax, and even her spelling, are sometimes wayward. She tells us much about the private life of the Austrian emperor Francis, the second of whose four wives died of her seventeenth pregnancy in seventeen years of marriage; but she cannot spell his surname. Having

to annex Moldavia and Wallachia, which there were several times. With all the resources inside their empire, the Habsburgs would have found it easier up to the Hungarians, who might have saved them a good deal of trouble. The occupation of Bosnia in 1878 bitterly offended the Serbs, but the dependent ship of Serbia to Austria in 1880s still offered the opportunity to win them by kindness in time to incorporate them within its borders. This chance was lost. Of course none of things were easy, and might well have failed. But the makers of Austrian policy were unable to see the difference between the frontiers which cut nations apart and frontiers which included them. The first type are bound to be discontent; the second type, though of course they are not to remove it.

It is arguable that Austria's difference to nationality did harm to the Monarchy in policy than in internal affairs: any case one should not be too sure that the harm had been done before his time. Westons during the previous war might have saved Austria, or prolonged her existence; but way through the First World War was too late. The German Government, the Austrian military and Austro-German public would never have permitted a peace. If Czernin had led Germany to the point of martyrdom he might have been a nobler figure in the history, but the fate of his country would have been much the same.

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Bombast and buffoonery

DARRELL BATES:
A Gust of Plumes
Biography of Lord Twining of Godingham and Tanganyika
310pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.95.

Gust of Plumes is an interesting account of the career of a remarkable man. Edward Twining was born in 1889, the son of a London vicar and great-nephew of the explorer, Samuel Baker. He was a delicate child and did not do well at school, and it was only with difficulty that he scraped into Sandhurst, receiving a commission in the Worcestershire Regiment in 1918. After serving with an army of occupation in Germany, a regiment was sent to Ireland, where he was appointed Battalion Intelligence Officer. De Valera was then negotiating with Lloyd George for a settlement.

In 1922 Twining was seconded to the King's African Rifles in Tanganyika. In 1928 he married May Robinson, a doctor, who later did service to the people of East Africa in medical and social welfare.

In the same year he left the army on becoming a cadet in the Administrative Service of Uganda.

In 1939 he was appointed deputy head of the Department of Labour in Mauritius and in 1944 was transferred to St. Lucia as Administrator, and awarded the CMC. In 1947 he was appointed Governor of North Borneo and in 1949 he was made Governor of Tanganyika. In 1950 he was created KCMG and in 1953 was promoted to GCMG. On his retirement in 1958 he was made a life peer. He died in 1967.

Twining is described as "a large, fat, unprepossessing man," inclined to "bombast and buffoonery", and regarded by some as a showman. He could be very formal on official occasions but at other times he never took himself seriously. In one of his frequent letters to his mother he referred to his policy of "Plumes, Band, Formality on Parade. Informality and personal touch off Parade". He was extremely successful in his personal relations with the colonial peoples he worked for—and with. They appreciated his friendliness and his sense of humour. There are several references in the book to his capa-

city for drinking "without losing either his acumen or his dignity".

He was not a bookish or intellectual man, but he was devoted to good music and a specialist in the unusual subject of coronations and crown jewels. In 1937 his commentary on the coronation ceremony was published, and this was followed in 1966 by his sumptuous *History of the Crown Jewels of Europe*, and in 1967 by *European Regalia*.

Julius Nyerere, now President of Tanzania, was considered by Twining in 1954 to be a reasonable and intelligent nationalist leader of a political party, TANU, with whom it was possible to cooperate for the benefit of Tanganyika, but they soon disagreed. Twining was in sympathy with Nyerere's main aim, eventual self-government, but differed over timing. He was strongly of opinion that the British Government was moving too fast in the granting of self-government to African colonies. Nevertheless, Nyerere's tribute to him when he died included recognition of "his personal kindness and integrity", and acknowledged that "he played a great part in preventing Tanganyika's freedom struggle from becoming imbued with bitterness".

As one would expect from so good an author as Sir Darrell Bates, *A Gust of Plumes* is well written and admirably depicts the life and character of an unusual man. There are some good maps and illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY

No end of inventions

E. MORPURGO:
Barnes Wallis
Opp plus 37 plates. Longman. £3.75.

Barnes Wallis had to wait a long time for full recognition. It might have come if he had not been doing something of a popular figure through the success of the film *The Bombs*, years after that event, perhaps anyone who challenges the orthodox by his inventions and, at the same time, fights for their acceptance must expect the establishment to view him with suspicion, especially if the intensity of his convictions robs his efforts of the fulminating against the stupid, the jealous and even spite of those in authority as he did in working out his plans, is honest and frank to a fault, Sir Barnes is still persuaded of the value to the nation of his projects but less ready to do battle on their behalf; and yet, if J. E. Morpurgo's estimate is right, there is no guarantee that the volcano will not erupt again, for Sir Barnes convinced himself that he will be 100.

This belief in his ability to serve the nation has been at the bottom of his work. Counterbalancing there has always been an inability to make allowances for opposition. Still Sir Thomas Merton and Professor Tizard backed him. So, probably, did Sir Arthur Harris at Bomber Command. When the attack was over, Harris promised

government-built R101 was so complete that he could not bring himself to offer advice to those amateurs down the road. His disgust when the RAF abandoned his system of geodetic construction after the magnificent success of the Wellington, because the service wanted to get away from fabric coverings, was so deep that he gave no serious thought to the competing stressed-skin construction that was coming forward, although he had already dabbled in metal wings for flying-boats. Worse still was the opposition to his plan for breaching dam walls with a bouncing bomb designed to skip over protecting booms and then sink to explode, with earthquake effect, near the base.

In advocating this strategy, he prepared his own survey of the Ruhr industries and their relation to the dams, explained in detail the required operational techniques, made a film of his bouncing bomb in use, and produced a mass of literature. As Professor Morpurgo says, he was at this time his own advocate, author, designer, director of experiments, observer and "for him, most difficult of all, diplomat". At the end of it all, he was told by a senior RAF officer, within three months of the attack, that the plan was off. The chairman of his own company likewise ordered him to stop—and then refused his resignation. Still Sir Thomas Merton and Professor Tizard backed him. So, probably, did Sir Arthur Harris at Bomber Command. When the attack was over, Harris promised

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Honorary native

MARY HOWITT WALKER:
Come Wind, Come Weather
A Biography of Alfred Howitt
148pp. Melbourne University Press.
(ISBN). £4.35.

W. D. FORSYTH:
Governor Arthur's Convict System
Van Diemen's Land 1824-36
222pp. Sydney University Press
(ISBN). £2.80.

In the days when the story of exploration was the fire with which whole generations of schoolteachers convinced Australians that their history was dull and dismal, everyone heard of Alfred Howitt, the man who discovered the remains of Burke and Wills. Some people had also vaguely heard that Howitt had written one of the first reliable accounts of the way of life of the Aborigines. Now that, thanks to writers such as Patrick White, Douglas Stewart and Geoffrey Dutton, Australians have discovered a great excitement in the work of the explorers, have looked at Cook, Oxley, Eyre, Sturt, Leichhardt, and Burke and Wills to discover what manner of men there are in this "last sea-thing dredged by sailor-time from space", we want to know more about men such as Howitt who appeared briefly on the stage of that great play about man and his environment in Australia.

So we may be grateful to Mary Howitt Walker, Howitt's granddaughter, for ferreting out the story of his life. Howitt was the son of William and Mary Howitt, who were fringe members of the literary world in London in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. He joined his father on a visit to the Australian goldfields in 1852, and decided to stay on. By then he was already showing signs of a literary gift which would enable him to surpass his father. He had an eye for the commonwealth sweeping over Australia—for those streets in Melbourne full of diggers, with long hair waving to their shoulders, bushy beards, and moustaches untrimmed and of all colours, jackboots covered with mud, spurs, riding whips, cabbage-tree hats, choros, and sunburnt faces.

In June, 1861, when the Royal Society in Melbourne became uneasy about the silence from Burke and Wills, they approached Howitt to search for the overdue explorers. He and his party travelled to Menindee on the Darling River and then to Burke's camp on Cooper's Creek. From there they set out on that search on which they met two native boys who told them: "Find 'im White fella; two fella dead boy and one fella live." Soon they found the one survivor, King, who, when he was strong enough to do so, led them first to the remains of Wills, over which they cast sand and laid branches so that the natives might understand by their own tokens not to disturb the last remains of a fellow human being. Over the grave Howitt read the words: "For since by man came death, we know that your labour is

not in vain in the Lord." So an agnostic turned to the words of "hope" in the great desolation of central Australia.

Then they moved on the remains of Burke who, beautiful dreamer that he had been in life, had asked King to place a pistol in his hand so that he might die like an officer and a gentleman. Over the remains of Burke Howitt read the words, "I am the resurrection and the life", as he and his company gazed with sadness on the body of the brave man who, some years earlier, had carefully chosen his seat in a theatre so that he could see as much as possible of the body of the woman he coveted, but probably never obtained.

But Howitt, agnostic though he was, remained all through life a fine flower of the religion in which he had ceased to believe. And his insatiable curiosity probably explains why he turned with such zeal to the study of the Australian Aborigine on the north coast of New South Wales near that spot where Captain Cook and Joseph Banks had first realized that the land of New Holland was inhabited by human beings. Howitt, like Sturt, had that charisma, that gift to become like a little child, which won him the confidence of the Aborigine. The fruits of his observations near Bega of a corroboree to which the tribes were summoned from hundreds of miles away by electric telegraph were described in his book *The Native Tribes of South-east Australia* (1904). Perhaps the most useful section of Mrs Walker's book is the brilliant appendix by Professor Mulvaney, "The Ascent of Aboriginal Man".

Alas, the University of Melbourne took little notice of the work of Howitt. It was a time in the Faculty of Arts when they were more concerned to get their students to see the difference between the arist and the proletariat and the arist and the proletariat, let alone the broader subject of what had happened to that transplanted British phylistine who had flourished so profusely in the heart of the New World.

That is why the reprinting of W. D. Forsyth's *Governor Arthur's Convict System* is such a welcome event. It was the work of a man who was taught by those professors in Australian universities who thought of Australian history and culture as a branch of British Colonial History—and a rather scruffy, twiggy, sapless branch at that. Forsyth had the strength to reach back into a time when men first sensed a parting of the ways between the transplanted Britons and the native-born Australians. Governor Arthur, high-minded man that he was, wanted Tasmania to be not just a place for evil-doers, but a colonial branch of that Evangelical way of life he wanted to see spread all over the world. Forsyth's book is a monument to English-influenced academic scholarship, lined, and indeed redeemed, by a man who saw that that Arthur wanted to fasten on men in Australia would belong in time to the dustbin of history.

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JOHN BAKER

The suppression of the Etruscans

W. V. HARRIS

Rome in Etruria and Umbria
370pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £6.50.

Etruria and Umbria make somewhat unequal bedfellows. For ancient Etruria was such a remarkable country, whereas Umbria, despite a multiplicity of towns, never attained outstanding distinction. Its moments of notoriety, such as Cicero provided by his sketch of local life in the *Pro Sexto Roscio Amerino*, are few.

Yet by the time we have reached the years with which this book is concerned, Etruria, too, was ceasing to make a major impact on the Italian world. For W. V. Harris, who has already had something to say about aspects of this theme elsewhere, indicates that he is not attempting to deal with Rome's relations with the Etruscan states before the fourth century BC, or indeed, in very much detail, before 311. It is during what may be called the historical period that he is concerned. His final chapter deals with the last major acts of colonization in these regions, the work of Augustus. That was also, he adds, the period in which the Romanization of Etruria can be regarded as complete.

The major, Etruscan, portion of this book, therefore, is concerned with the theme—a somewhat depressing one unless, reacting against D. H. Lawrence's inaccuracies, one happens to hate the Etruscans—of the gradual suppression and suppression of their civilization by the Romans. Mr Harris first attends to the displacement of their language (and Umbrian) by Latin. "It was not brought about by any systematic *Sprachpolitik*, but by a variety of inter-related circumstances, most of them the products of Roman political domination." Colonization, the road system, political interference,

military service—all played their parts. Under Augustus, Etruscan was still used for a few tomb inscriptions (which naturally tend to assume traditional forms), but after that there was Latin everywhere. Mr Harris discusses the problem whether the Etruscan language may not, all the same, have continued to persist for a long time as a spoken, rural language. But he concludes that this is unlikely, although a number of Etruscan words survived for antiquarians to note.

The most profile of these antiquarians was the emperor Claudius, who wrote, in Greek, twenty "books" (shorter, fortunately, than a modern book) of *Tyrrhenika*, complete recitals of which were ordered to be given every year in the Museum at Alexandria. As long as this custom survived, the Alexandrian hearers must have found it something of an ordeal, if we may judge from the pedantic erudition of Claudius's mind and style revealed by his surviving utterances. Nevertheless, the total disappearance of this large work is one of the gravest of our losses. For little about the great past culture of Etruria which had preceded the period with which Mr Harris is dealing. Its arts indicate that it was much more than just a bastard provincial offshoot of Greece. Yet in addition to our notorious difficulty about the Etruscan language, we lack the ancient manuscripts (in any tongue) which would tell us so many of the things we want to know about the history and institutions of that country and its highly individual city-states.

One of the most significant, indeed urgent, problems is the question of how far a native Etruscan historiography existed. Jacques Heurgon, particularly in his book translated under the title of *Daily Life of the Etruscans*, expressed the view that there was a substantial literature of this kind, in addition to numerous other Etruscan writings over and above the works on divination

which became known in the outside world. There are, undeniably, occasional vivid indications that the Etruscans cherished a tradition quite independent of the Roman historical canon or canons. Perhaps the most striking example is provided by the paintings from the François tomb at Vulci, which reveal the existence of an epic cycle hardly possessing even the most tenuous links with Roman sagas—indeed one of the pictures actually displays the slaughter of a Roman by an Etruscan hero. If only we could disentangle and disinter more of this autonomous Etruscan tradition! But, apart from such accidental survivals, it has been, first, all too successfully overlaid by Roman hostility and domination, and then suppressed by the disappearance of the descriptive literature of Claudius and others.

In view of the importance of this subject, the opening section of *Rome in Etruria and Umbria*, entitled "The Historiography of Etruria", should attract particular attention. Like others, Mr Harris does not go all the way with Heurgon. Nor does he accept Bayet's belief—though it contains convincing features—that Livy's extraordinarily rich, religious and dramatic Book V, relating to the siege of Veii, goes back in part to Etruscan sources. He grants, as he has in view of the François tomb (and he might have said more about myth-variants on vases), that there must have been specific Etruscan legends which were well known in Etruria itself. But he does not necessarily believe that such stories appeared in any continuous historical narrative covering a long period. Whether he is right or wrong about this, time and further research may show; but he is justified in pointing out that by the time of Varro, in the mid-first century AD, there is still no strong evidence for the existence of any history of the Etruscans which had become known to non-Etruscan writers.

It is a different matter, however, when we come to authors of the early empire such as Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Verrius Flaccus and Claudius. Indeed we can judge for ourselves from the voluminous writings of Dionysius. True, they are banned from academic curricula, for the inadequate reason that his Greek is the "wrong" period, but perhaps mercifully all the same, since his material, though fascinating, is presented at altogether excessive length: he makes Livy seem positively Tacitean in comparison, and when we learn that his proposed political history of the Etruscans was never written, our feelings are just a little mixed. Nevertheless, Dionysius had special knowledge of Etruscan affairs, and the emphasis accorded to them by Verrius, Claudius and himself strongly suggests, as Mr Harris says, "that in the Julio-Claudian period there was believed to be much good information available about Etruscan history and society."

For "speculation" that Virgil derived much of his material from Etruscan sources, Mr Harris contents himself with briefly referring us to a discussion in a book by M. Sordi. Yet surely Virgil, in his own peculiar, inimitable way, copiously and elaborately reflects the close, hazy relationship which had existed for so long between Romans and Etruscans. In his own time, as is not often enough pointed out, feelings on the subject revived yet again owing to the eminence of his Etruscan friend and patron Maecenas (about whose family there is a useful note in this book). Maecenas had his

Persistent pagans

JEAN BAYET

Croyances et rites dans la Rome antique
384pp. Paris: Payot. 49,00fr.

Jean Bayet had been for eight years, 1952-1960, the distinguished Director of the Ecole Française à Rome, and was still an active scholar when he died in 1969. This collection of essays, published with a preface by four of his most eminent pupils, covers the period 1935-1960, and is devoted to penetrating studies of some of the more baffling problems of early Roman religion.

Bayet himself had studied under Franz Cumont, and this is reflected in his interests and his work. The essay in which he sets out his view that the religious psychology of an age can often be interpreted by the symbolism of its funerary monuments and coins is dedicated to Cumont's memory. From Cumont Bayet inherited the conviction that it was as important to understand the religious history of a people as it was to understand their social and economic development. For the ancient world that demanded a relentless scholarly discipline in a broad range of studies, a vital necessity in a field of knowledge which could too easily become a prey to folklorists and to idealist reconstructions of the past.

Bayet's own interests lay in a discovery of the remote origins of what flourished in the Classical world, and in interpretation of the religious life of Rome in the last century of the Republic. Both themes are well represented among the essays now published. For instance, the origins of the orgiastic cult of Dionysus are traced to Asia Minor, and to a period before animals had been domesticated and when man and beast hunted together and shared the kill. The vista is opened up of religious myths being derived from folk memories far back in prehistory perhaps as remote even as the Upper Palaeolithic. When one considers how ancient hunters have persisted from the Mesolithic hunters at Star Carr to the horn dancers at Abbots Bromley in Staffordshire down to recent times, such theories do not seem impossible.

As a trained Latinist, Bayet's flair is shown by a series of studies on the religion of the Roman Republic.

from Sulla to its overthrow by Augustus. What gave the latter his peculiar power? Was he seemingly irreligious in his attitude towards acquiring priestly office and their struggle for power? It is that Augustus was able to give a new life into apparently old, religious practices? The answer, in the mixture of outward religion and deep superstition that characterized individuals of all classes at that period—in the Republic and in the early Empire—is that the Augustan *litus* was a necessary means of obtaining favour. When Crassus defeated the Partians and the tribune C. Ateius Capito was defeated and slain, the public opinion was profoundly shocked and the death and mutilation of the emperor Augustus was a divine honour to the Roman people. Augustus's reform, based on profound popular devotion whose force he recognized and harnessed to his aims.

One gets the impression of vast staying power of Roman religious observances in a world, and Bayet's view of the *Festive Durumum* would have been welcome. That auxiliaries were never likely to set foot on the ground of primitive Roman religion, his determination to get to the bottom of any subject he touches, as he says himself, one cannot but admire. He shows us the history of religion with the methods one might use in the reading room. He shows us the history of religion with the methods one might use in the reading room.

Bayet's essays do not make reading. Some of the theories are abrupt and the language is technical. All, however, demonstrates a freshness of approach, his determination to get to the bottom of any subject he touches, as he says himself, one cannot but admire. He shows us the history of religion with the methods one might use in the reading room. He shows us the history of religion with the methods one might use in the reading room.

YOU CAN'T SUE SEX as brashly as religion, or charity. Not far from the church porch where Mrs Yvonne Riley (mother of six) is doing a non-stop Bible Reading Marathon the lower instincts make their more elevated appeal.

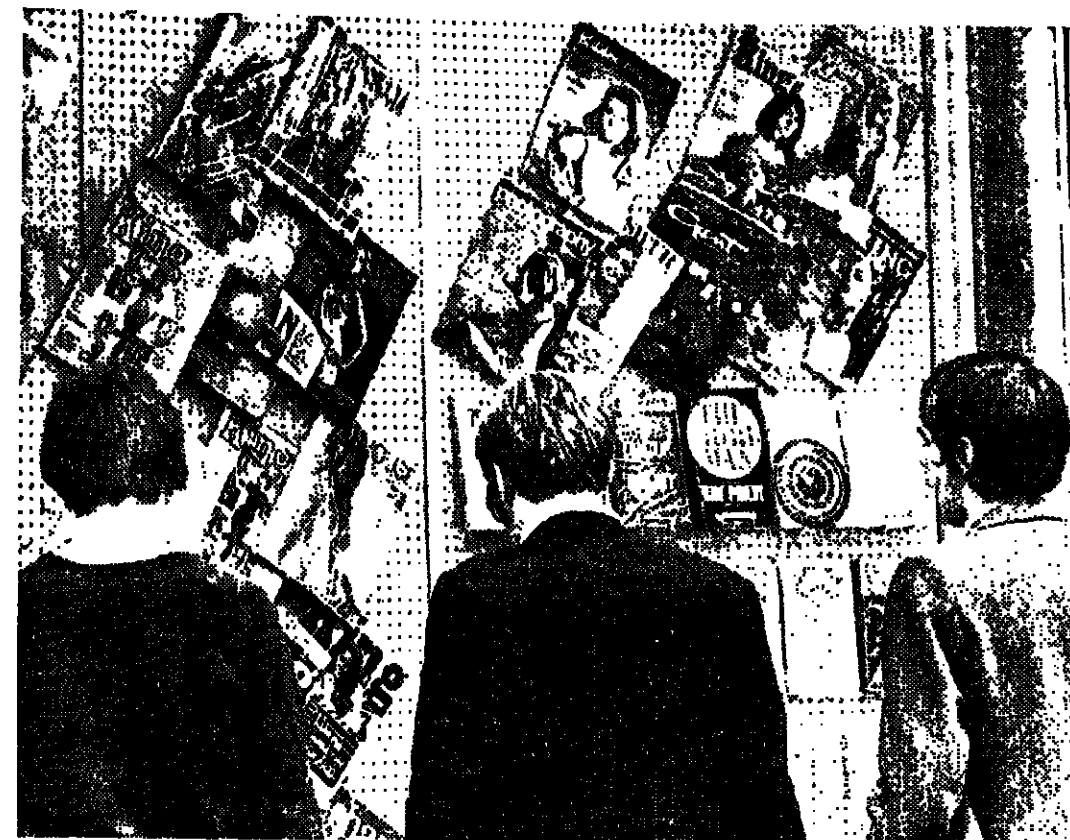
Learn about love techniques, and their past. And the same processes, no doubt, operating under Tiberius, when Volturni (which was at Volsinii) greatly enjoyed Maecenas in power.

But these were isolated phenomena at a time when the Roman Empire was already complete, long-drawn-out ebb leading to ultimate end is the theme. Mr Harris has devoted his efforts to successive surveys of Etruscan towns, its alliances, Etruscan leaders (with comments on the social structure of Etruria), the various forms of Romanization assumed, the rebellion of 91-87 BC and the enfranchisements, and the merits (to use a somewhat generic term) of Sulla and Augustus.

Mr Harris's book is based on reading, and reflects and on the current state of knowledge, own expressions of opinion are cautious, indeed cautious. He writes for readers who are not in the classical languages, and quotes a good deal of Latin Greek without translation. His style, because his work also attracts the attention of many poets, is a process of actually making a purchase. Such transactions are rarely observed but occur regularly, to the extent of several hundred "items" a week for each shop.

Books, magazines, photographs, films, all in various shades of blue, are bought steadily enough to justify, in commercial terms, the existence of well over sixty retail porn-shops in London, most of them around Soho; and there are reckoned to be as many again in the provinces. Multiple owners put in managers, and the shops are assumed to make a minimum profit of £500 a week, often a good deal more. Overheads, including rent, wages, protection money—can be high. Three men were recently fined a total of £7,500 for dealing in obscene material, but they seem to have been a bit unlucky: usually the penalty is in hundreds. In a recent House of Lords debate on pornography the Minister of State at the Home Office, Lord Williams of Desborough, informed us that "the police, the customs and the postal authorities use their existing powers extensively and hundreds of thousands of items are seized every year."

This covers all forms of documentary pornography, or what the authorities choose to act against as such—at the present rate, on average, about one prosecution a week. It is a reasonably calculable hazard, as used to be in the case of street prostitution. As for the profits of pornography in all its forms—pale blue and true blue, tolerated and prosecuted, on and off the streets, behind the screens, in the windows, on the cellar steps—any calculation must be far less confident. In the debates and letters to the press that "we all know, let alone see it," there is no real agreement about what pornography is, let alone what parts of it are offensive or damaging. ("Girlie" mags might offend connoisseurs of ancient Greek erotica on silk, and the reverse process could also happen.) For what it may be worth, and it seems worth more and more, "hard" pornography in Britain has been reckoned to make £10 million a year, "soft" porn ten times as much. Few individuals, books, whether hard or soft, are likely to earn much money. It takes a high-class prosecution, and the paperback trade that invariably follows its failure, to boost sales to that sort of figure. It is ironic to think that D. H. Lawrence, given normal health, would have died a rich old man on the soft-cover sales of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, while Fanny Hill might have played a generally forgotten girl



THE ABUSES OF LITERACY—5

The porn market

BY NORMAN SHRAPNEL

if the law hadn't interfered with her. Publishers were at once convinced that the "world's naughtiest book" would become a best-seller as soon as she was allowed out; and her fame is now such that you see her in every Soho window—not just Fanny Hill straight, but *Fanny Hill in Pictures*, and even *Fanny Hill's Cook Book*. (The time can hardly be far away when she appears in a hockey tunic as *Fanny Hill of St. Hilary*.)

At pavement level the economies of the business look humbler, and Miss Hill's surroundings are on the tawdry side. Some of the magazines look as smutty, cobwebby even, as the fly-blown treasure trove children used to graze for with penny grubs on old-fashioned seaside piers. Some, with despairing pathos, are even marked in the old currency: 30s and 15s and even 12s 6d. (Exemplary price restraint there: has anybody reported that to the cost of living index people?) "Sheer erotic delight", one mag claims without confidence. Others are called things like *Fervor*, *Erotic* (spelt right this time), *Chains*. There is emphasis on bottoms, buses, and leather. Books have such titles as *Perversions* and *The History of the Guillotine*. Or you can buy *The Wolfen Report: A Bold Study of Abnormal Sex*. (Has anybody ever been hauled up for hawking that? Well, they once prosecuted a Beardsley that had been in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

We must draw the line somewhere. Lord Longford insists. It is a problem faced by Beardsley and everybody else who operates in this sphere, though whether the "ridal wave of filth" said to be engulfing us is a true description must remain a subjective judgment. That there is a tidal wave of something can hardly be denied. Yet far from sharpening lust, the depressive effect of the bulk of this literature must make for the sexual continence of all exposed to it to such an extent—or so one would think—as to give the population theorists new heart. Surely it would take the most high-powered morality drive to make stuff like this sell!

But some regard the front window as little more than a shop sign—an indication of the sort of business they're in, with the implication that the real stuff is to be found inside. Usually there is a hardboard screen, dividing the men from the boys, with the serious customers browsing, be-



hind it. (Just browsing has its limits, reasonably enough: you can get charged for it if you stay too long without buying anything.) Photographs are explicit, so are films. *The Ecstasy of Oral Love* (205 feet) is offered for £7, with a high-minded label claiming that "this is an educational film for bloomers, doing the Edwardian thing?" "Not in this heat, dear," one of them says cheerfully, going off for her break. A few are quite well-connected young women, in the social rather than the sexual sense. The human motivation of the strip world could do with a study in depth, but that would only lead to still more voyeurs in Soho—a vaguely depressing thought.

The nearest thing to an on-the-spot analysis comes from the church, in the form of a diocesan bulletin posted at the entrance to the bombing-shattered St Anne's. Soho, it tells us, has many people rejected by society "who know themselves to have deviated from the norm in the matter of sex—though whether the norm actually exists or not is another question." This seems more understanding, more charitable, than some cracks from the moral backlash. Is it any less "normal"—one cannot help brooding on the thought—to be obsessed with sex, than to be obsessed with sexual obsession? If you only knew the blessing salvation brings, you would open

to the feast today," a man is singing with fervour, standing in the street between an intensely respectable family restaurant and a boutique which also appeals to a sort of faith, announcing that some of the things it sells are not in the window "as they may offend members of the public." Yet Soho is not quick to take offence. It is marvellously uninterested in what goes on next door. Restaurants where you could safely take your most prudish old aunt nestle up against brash new strip clubs. There are feasts and feasts. The 50 new pence you pay to get into most of the strip joints is less than almost any hors d'oeuvre on the local menus, let alone a main dish. And if there are any foreign tourists or provincial visitors naive enough to regard such places as significant examples of London naughtiness, they may well judge our recent reputation for vice curiously exaggerated. You sit on old cinema seats in a cramped cellar, watching bored young women displaying their charms with desultory allure. If a look of animation or desire overtakes one of them, she is probably thinking of food or a cool drink.

They look more seductive dressed than undressed, less provocatively sexy in their street clothes than many a city typist. What can the moral of that be? Would they do better dancing in ostrich feathers and bloomers, doing the Edwardian thing? "Not in this heat, dear," one of them says cheerfully, going off for her break. A few are quite well-connected young women, in the social rather than the sexual sense. The human motivation of the strip world could do with a study in depth, but that would only lead to still more voyeurs in Soho—a vaguely depressing thought.

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Queer literature and other "items" abound, but there is also a frequent appeal to a sort of day-dream world as sad and nostalgic as nursery rhymes, and at least as innocent. "The Captive Leopard Girl and the White Hunter," "The Dancing Girls in the Sheikh's Harem"—the mind boggles at the thought of what visiting Danes might expect from such shows as these, but what they get is another matter. Even for those who might be inflamed by such offerings, walking round Soho is still not compulsory; though it must come about as close as anywhere in England to the dream of one speaker in that House of Lords debate, who wanted to see all our porn concentrated in a few clearly labelled streets. (A bit like those prudent editions of the classics which used to have the obscenities excised from the text and gathered in a supplement at the end of the book.)

What then? Would St Anne's surviving spire have to be seen as phallic? Would those strolling women in dark stockings and yellow-ribboned hats be the new street walkers, their fetish parked motor-cars? What of those coprophobic notices threatening a £5 fine if you allow your dog to defecate in the Soho streets? Just round the corner, for the same price as the basic strip shows, you can watch the caving of dolmens; you would have to be pretty far gone in fetishism to see anything kinky in them.

You can, of course, pay more for your strip shows than fifty pence. There are sophisticated clubs that charge £2.50 without food, but their erotic appeal is regarded as less. (Less, one cannot help asking, than what? Here the customers are often visiting businessmen, being given what their home business hosts assume to be the sort of entertainment they want. Sometimes the assumption is wrong, and an exquisitely boring evening is endured by all.) Office workers sometimes pop into the shows on their way home in the suburbs, the way others pop into pubs—brief cases, as you might say, briefly confronting bribe before catching the 9.18. There are men, it is astonishingly claimed, who derive their entire sexual satisfaction from such regular visits.

The ease with which some are satisfied is in itself disturbing. "College Capers" . . . "The Vice and Spice of the Americas After Dark" . . . "Fanny Hill Meets Lady Chatterley" is the title of one of the offerings at "a unique cinema club devoted to uncensored films for mature audiences." Then there's the much-discussed "Danish Blue", startling and preachy at the same time, with a catchy and obsessive theme tune. ("Ah, I know where you've been," a man will say, hearing another man humming it.) But in the cinema itself there's no community, no identifiable response. People sit as far away from each other as possible. In the world of the blue cinema, pale or dark, each man is an island in his own ocean of dreams—a spice island, you might say.

The unanswerable questions remain. What are they really after, and can they ever get it? Where does hard porn merge into soft, and where does soft porn graduate into something else? You can get food, these days and nights, served with sexy sauce. Did Lord Longford's researches take him to the restaurant advertised as "London's Only Tudor Banqueting Night-Spot", which offers a gargantuan six-course feast for only £2.50, served by "beautiful pinched wenchies in the atmosphere of Old England", with minstrels playing bawdy songs of the period and urging the diners to join in the choruses? Did he discover the Roman Room where (again, to quote the publicity) sexy slave girls would have been delighted to serve him? More than anything else it seems to be a sign of innocence, of loneliness (what about those advertisements for "young and lovely girls available as escorts"?), of a sort of extended visual appetite. It's mostly in the eye, and in the mind's eye. As Bernard Shaw so nearly said, those who can't do, watch.

How much of a humbug?

D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY
Cicero
290pp. Duckworth. £3.25.

It is pleasant to have a short new life of Cicero written in English in the consciousness of modern specialism but with no more than minimal explanatory footnotes and references. Since D. R. Shackleton Bailey is so distinguished a scholar and has so lively a mind it goes almost without saying that this is a work of the greatest interest. Roman historians are rather given to polemics, and no doubt the invasion of their territory even by Professor Shackleton Bailey will produce notes of alarm here and there in the undergrowth of learned periodicals.

No life of Cicero can be absolutely acceptable, since on Cicero's career hinge many of the most important issues in late Republican history: it is no exaggeration to say that the interpretation of Cicero and his role has wide implications both in ancient and in modern politics. Professor Shackleton Bailey is persuasive, and he closely follows the text of Cicero's letters and writings, with the enormous range of which he is enviably familiar. He writes with that dry brilliance which seems to suit the study of Roman politics particularly well. He observes with an unsleeping keenness, and describes human behaviour, with an impartial zest.

If there is anything lightweight about the enterprise it is an advantage of style, and one would be as mistaken to underestimate Professor Shackleton Bailey as one would the more pungent chapters of the early Gibbon. Lightweight does not imply amateurish, but a touch of biasness in the atmosphere, a sure-footed, swift step. The style of Professor Shackleton Bailey's translations

of Cicero himself, who appears in lengthy quotations in English, is more old-fashioned, less supple than the original; but this awkwardness, in itself unpleasant, makes an effective contrast to the argument and narrative in which Cicero is here embedded—the analogy of a fly in amber is appropriate.

The biography is frankly political, with little attention given to Cicero's education or his theories or to any purely literary matters, though here also there are flashes of illumination. For example, the suggestion repeated in an epigraph from R. G. M. Nisbet's *Cicero in Pisonem* of the crucial psychological as well as political importance of Cicero's exile in 58 when he was driven out by Clodius; and in a later chapter the indication of Professor Shackleton Bailey's personal distaste for the prose style of Plinyus. That style is certainly Ciceronian, but to the author it represents "what, for some of us is Cicero's least endearing manner." It might be categorized as pompous, honeyed and false, but the question remains open whether there do not exist other, worse aspects of Cicero, is Shakespeare's "little Cicero with ferret eyes" altogether a travesty?

There is something fluid in the core of his personality", Professor Shackleton Bailey says, and in this one may feel that the style and the stylishness reflect the man. In the admixture of humbug in the famous Ciceronian style, a modern projection, is it an essential element in his particular kind of linguistic mastery, or is it a shadow of personality that comes and goes among other elements? For most modern readers this is the essential problem of Cicero; it is a problem of literary history and not easy to unravel. Is Cicero most truly in his

philosophy, when he seems most masterful in the style of a grand old man? There is a sense of dignity and silver hair about his ripe utterances which awakens respect and imitation at once. Elsewhere his writings have sharpness and humanity, but his essential medium, which is neither sunlight nor truce, takes frequently of the nature of both. The first essential, to understanding him is a clear chronology of his development and his experience of life and history; other questions are more subtle, but Professor Shackleton Bailey's study of his public and private career is a necessary substructure.

Cicero and his friends in politics were natural born losers; one may say that "it is hard to see how any man in his position could have done better", but one must then go on to speak of "honourable and stinging defeat", and even this evaluation of his life-work or of part of it implies some degree of acceptance to judge him in his own terms. But a more searching analysis of the economic and social realities of late Republican Rome might find him still more bumbling, still more wanting. It is certain that we shall never understand ancient literary history until we can relate it deeply and continuously to the nature of ancient societies, but it is still more certain that we shall never attain to any adequate grasp of those societies by adhering to literary sources. What we know of Cicero as a man what he shows us himself, but we are inevitably conscious that his is not the whole story. Professor Shackleton Bailey's sharp and brilliant portrait goes some way to correct it; it might be possible to go further, but not without rewriting the history of Rome.

A training in rhetoric

A. C. PARTRIDGE:
The Language of Renaissance Poetry
Spenser, Shakespeare, Donne, Milton
348pp. André Deutsch. £3.95.

A. C. Partridge studies the language of Renaissance poetry by analysing a generous selection of poems and verse passages from the work of its four greatest English exponents—Spenser, Shakespeare, Donne, and Milton. Each example is followed by a detailed commentary on diction, syntax, versification, rhetorical figures, compositional errors (where appropriate), meaning, and imagery. This comprehensive programme involves some moments of tedious repetition and occasionally superfluous detail, as might be expected. The desire to comment on virtually everything also leads to incidental banalities such as "the image-group concludes with *dimbe-play* and *Chorus*, metaphors drawn from the theatre" (part of an analysis of a passage from *Venus and Adonis*), and Professor Partridge's rather abrupt annotative style can produce some bleak, disconnected statements.

Yet the great advantage of the method used in this book—and it more than balances the irritation caused by these minor defects—is that the reader has constantly before him the actual works to which the commentator is referring. Generalizations are kept in check by the presence of the texts from which they arise; or if, as is often the case, Professor Partridge is drawing his conclusions not merely from the particular example, but from his knowledge of the whole of the author's work, it still remains possible for the reader to see the exact way in which the comments apply and judge for himself whether the analysis is adequate to the original synthesis which is the literary text. As Professor Partridge says, in the course of a refutation of T. S. Eliot's strictures on Milton's verse, Eliot failed to appreciate the true nature of Milton's innovations "because his critique was not based on the analysis of copious samples of Milton's verse". Whatever objections may be made to Professor Partridge's remarks, they will not, at any rate, be on this basis.

The prosody of trauma

RICHARD J. ONORATO:
The Character of the Poet
Wordsworth in "The Prelude"
435pp. Princeton University Press.
London: Oxford University Press.
£6.

At its best, *The Character of the Poet* is very good indeed. Richard J. Onorato writes extremely well, has read Wordsworth with great sensitivity and, though his viewpoint is psychological, has much to offer in ordinary critical terms. He is most perceptive, for instance, on Wordsworth's attitude to language—on what poetry meant, and could do, for him: "We have observed how language, which seems at first to enable the infant to express his wants, and which is imbued with the pleasurable sense of association with the mother, is ultimately utilitarian and reductive. So language gradually limits the vision and recollection of pleasure. Only the experience offered by poetry, which is partly elusive of the limits of human speech, is capable of evoking the infantile and fantastic sense of alternatives to reality, of a prior and superior existence, perhaps as ideal, from which the sense of self and there are a gradual estrangement."

This seems absolutely right of a poet who again and again laments "the sad incompetence of human speech" and who yet feels poetry to have prophetic force.

Professor Onorato is similarly exact, and similarly elegant, about the processes of self-discovery and manipulation that go on as Wordsworth's poetry is actually made:

"If poetry may be seen as at some moments a heuristic assertion, a self-discovery, it may also be seen at other moments as a compulsive process of rationalization, a contrived way of re-

doring oneself and one's story. The Poet orders the facts and assigns them their meanings as he manipulates his narrative to imply them."

Again, admirable criticism; and a warning to face-value readers not only of *The Prelude*. But it is not enough to praise a book for its local insights, however rewarding they may be. *The Character of the Poet* is a thoroughgoing Freudian analysis; as a study, as its sub-title makes clear, of Wordsworth in *The Prelude*, not of the poem itself.

The obvious comparison is Geoffrey Hartman's Jungian exegesis, *Wordsworth's Poetry, 1787-1815*. Where Professor Hartman talks of Wordsworth's inherently apocalyptic imagination, of self-consciousness and autonomy to be achieved only through violation of the Nature that he loves, Professor Onorato is less dramatic. To quote from the scrupulously fair comparison set up in his appendix:

"Professor Hartman's argument is sustained by the 'expansive' suggestiveness of his Jungian assumptions, and this own relates later crises of experience 'reductively' to earlier ones along a Freudian line."

"Expansive" Wordsworth's Poetry surely is, and—perhaps inevitably—there are times when Professor Onorato's self-deprecating reference to "reductiveness" is justified, too.

His basic view of Wordsworth as traumatized by the early death of his mother and seeking earnestly to replace her in his relationship with Nature should be acceptable to most. In 1972, the trouble comes when, for the sake of the analysis poetry turns to data, lines of astonishing beauty and power form the case-history of a neurotic. Professor Onorato is surely wrong when he

states of judgment is also detectable. The rhetorical training of Renaissance poets and its influence on their patterning of language. In the earlier part of the book, where Professor Partridge is concerned not only with Spenser but with Spenser's forebears and contemporaries, he is often dealing with poets whose technique is immature and crude. Possibly because of this, he adopts an attitude which seems to be anti-rhetorical. Even Sidney evokes the comment: "He affected to reject Petrarch's far-fetched conceits in *Astrophil and Stella* (sonnet XV), but was unable to shed the handicap of a poetic dominated by rhetoric." The comments on rhetoric in Shakespeare's early work are more approving, but, in the mature Shakespeare and in Donne, Professor Partridge notes improvements which have been achieved "by transferring the emphasis from decoration to imaginative activity." The use of rhetorical figures is not, he admits, abandoned, but "the poet found he could project them less artificially to the surface texture of the poetry."

In his discussion of Shakespeare, Professor Partridge lays particular emphasis on the developing image-clusters that such critics as Wilson Knight, Caroline Spurgeon, and W. H. Clement have taught us to recognize, and he supports the now generally accepted view that Shakespeare's transition from leisurely "artificiality" in the early work to a more urgently functional and imaginatively concentrated style in the later work reflects the general movement of the time from Elizabethan decorative rhetoric, to the tropes and "strong lines" of the Jacobians.

Commenting on the storm scene in *King Lear*, Professor Partridge notes that "Lear's declamations are not rhetorical in the Isocratic sense of words used for effect. *Ecphrasis* (exclamatory expressions revealing the passions of the mind) and personal metaphor characterize the eloquence of an exasperated spirit." And, a little further on: "The symbolic language of *King Lear* is complex, yet simple with a simple compression and intensity."

This is fair and sensible; yet it

could be read as a playing down of the importance of rhetoric. (One also notices that the commentary deals less fully than it might with the variety and frequency of figures in this passage and, in particular, misses the rhetorical force of its culminating line, "More sinn'd against, then sinning", which involves much more than alliteration.) The point that *ecphrasis* here characterizes "an exasperated spirit" is made in such a way as to suggest that it is a departure from earlier rhetoric, but the best rhetoricians had always insisted on the need for *decorum* in the use of the figures, and if this rhetoric does not stand off in self-conscious relief from its subject, Puttenham and others were saying precisely that the finest rhetorical art was that which hid itself by merging with the subject.

In this sense Shakespeare's development towards a use of rhetoric more appropriate to his themes and characters and more closely integrated with his dramatic realism should be interpreted as evidence of his understanding of the proper use of rhetoric and of a growing capacity to realize its potentialities. The same might be said of Donne, except that he seems to have absorbed some of the Shakespearean experience before starting to write. Both can be compared, rather than contrasted, with Sidney, and of none of the three is it really true to say that they were handicapped by a "poetic dominated by rhetoric."

This, however, does not quite fairly represent Professor Partridge. In the section dealing with Milton he is more obviously pro-rhetorical than anti-rhetorical, and there is an undercurrent favourable to rhetoric run-

ning throughout the book. The positive plea for the rhetorical. In the Renaissance, discipline to grammar, and, as he clearly demonstrates, was the foundation of all poetic, sonic and antithetical modes of writing as well as the more obvious patterns of verbal ornament.

Nor, in Professor Partridge's rhetoric necessarily a deadening witness the example of T. S. Eliot, who studied the technique of the sixteenth-century verse with such a primitive Church—not simply that "no modern poet better than the resurgence of thought, but faith in himself as risen Lord Christ." The Proclaimer has his benefit of the elaborate machinery of evidence provided for his argument. But such evidence properly belongs to another book. (It is interesting to speculate on what passages of *Marina* are certainly one; *Marina* would provide dozens of examples of the opening witness to the reality of his history is a masterpiece of rhetorical and the reality of his Resurrection.)

About Paul the same questions you on every page. Only the could fail to see a difference between what Paul describes as "my gospel" and the preaching of the Kingdom in Galilee. Something is

RELIGION

Between Jesus and the Gospel

GÜNTHER BORNEKAMM:
Translated by D. M. G. Stalker
399pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.50.

Paul was a man totally surrendered to the message which he felt charged deliver. Necessity, as he once wrote, was laid upon him. But did he really feel that he delivered, standing between Jesus and the Gospel and the Son of Man into a "your-god"? Günther Bornkamm's is the sequel to his *Jesus of Nazareth*, and inevitably raises the question of a fundamental question. The witness the example of T. S. Eliot, who studied the technique of the sixteenth-century verse with such a primitive Church—not simply that "no modern poet better than the resurgence of thought, but faith in himself as risen Lord Christ." The Proclaimer has his benefit of the elaborate machinery of evidence provided for his argument. But such evidence properly belongs to another book. (It is interesting to speculate on what passages of *Marina* are certainly one; *Marina* would provide dozens of examples of the opening witness to the reality of his history is a masterpiece of rhetorical and the reality of his Resurrection.)

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Paul of Tarsus belonged to the Jewish Diaspora, which was more

due to Jewish apocalyptic, something also perhaps to Hellenistic cults. But the very shift in emphasis towards a very definite understanding of the facts concerning Jesus. "The Resurrection meant the establishment of those facts saving events... which made all the difference for time and eternity." The honorific titles applied to him—Christ, Lord, Son of God and the rest—are titles for Jesus. They do not out the historical figure. They affirm that "he alone is and brings God's salvation to the world."

Paradoxically, we have more information about Paul than we have about Jesus himself. For Paul's letters are primary evidence. The genuine letters (from which Bornkamm excludes 1 Thessalonians, Ephesians, and Colossians) are the earliest and most authoritative sources for the history of primitive Christianity. By contrast, Acts must be regarded as secondary, and is treated here with much critical reservation. Luke wrote at a time when the controversies which raged round Paul had been settled or forgotten, and he misunderstood some of the situations. So instead of trying to fit Paul's own statements into the narrative supplied by Acts, as was attempted in older standard books, we have to check Acts by the Epistles. The conservative reader must be prepared for shocks on his way to a vivid assemblage of fact.

Saul of Tarsus belonged to the Jewish Diaspora, which was more

liberal and more exposed to Greek influences, and which accepted converts without circumcision, a condition which Palestinian orthodox Jews were adamant. Then, in Jerusalem, he joined the Pharisees. There was thus a tension of strains within himself, as there was soon to be within the Church itself, leading too easily to its disruption. As an orthodox Jew with an overseas background, he was "made" to be a missionary to Gentiles, and perhaps, in this period, actually was one. But he probably did not persecute Jewish Christians—there was nothing blasphemous in their over-belief. Hellenistic Christianity (Damascus) was the enemy, and this he was determined to extirpate.

For the Jewish-Christian Church, committed to the whole law, circumcision, which seems to us so trivial, involved "nothing less than the physical continuity of the saving history and as a consequence the legitimization of its claim to be the true Israel, as opposed to the Jews" who rejected the promised Messiah.

When he was converted, more was involved than the Appearance on the Damascus road, more than a subjective experience. It was a theological conversion. When "It pleased God to reveal his Son in me", he came to see who Jesus really was and the significance of his life and death for God's dealings with the world of men. This meant a break with his own past, counting his previous "righteousness" as

refuse. "To the end of his life", Bornkamm writes, "Luke's Paul remains an orthodox Jew and Pharisee. For Christ's sake the real Paul gave up the law as a means to salvation."

Paul regarded himself as being part of a succession. He appealed, like all other Christians, to the Old Testament. He insisted on the tradition which he had received. He was handing on the apostolic Kerygma. The one unique and personal factor in his treatment of what they all had in common was his doctrine of justification by faith. This made deadly enemies of the Jews and made him an outsider to many Christians. But it gave the Church, composed of both Jews and Gentiles, its first real theological basis.

He agreed with the Jews and all other Christians that the Law was God's call to life and salvation, and that it was to be obeyed. He believed, like the Hellenistic Jews, that it applied to all and not only to Jews. But what he came to realize, more radically than any before him or after him, till Luther, was that this good, holy, and righteous law was incapable of imparting life and salvation. Thus for him the universality of the Law meant its declaration that all men, Jew and Gentile alike, are guilty.

The Law brings only knowledge of sin. In God's sight shall no man be justified—and Paul adds, "by the works of the Law". Thus the Law as a means to salvation is bankrupt—Christ is the end of the Law to the believer. The Gospel alone is the power of God to salvation. We depend wholly on God's free gift of grace, who sent his son to die for us while yet sinners. No man can earn it or deserve it. "Our own righteousness" blocks the way to God.

The question about Jesus or Paul has, Bornkamm tells us, become prominent in the postwar dialogue between Jews and Christians. Jesus they accept as a prophet, and "our brother": Paul made him seem a destructive renegade. So too the anti-Christian polemic from the Marxian camp raises the same slogan—away from Paul with his mystical "salvation", back to Jesus and social revolution (Bloch). But fundamentally Paul and his Master agreed. What Paul said in his preaching, Jesus did, by eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. Without God all men are lost; God accepts all men without distinction and has drawn near to give them life and freedom. The author of Ephesians understood: what Paul was trying to say was that God, by his action in Christ's death and resurrection, had broken down every dividing wall, between Jew and Gentile and between man and God. Remote and well-nigh incomprehensible though some of Paul's thoughts have now become for us, he bequeathed that treasure, in earthen vessels. That phrase is Bornkamm's epigraph on the man, in his greatness and in his limitations.

It need hardly be added that this is a masterly work. Nobody can write about Paul in future who has not studied it. The detailed exposition of the Epistles is a goldmine for the teacher and preacher. And, though in itself a major piece of scholarship, the book is intended for the general reader. The publishers are to be congratulated on producing it at a reasonable price.

Gods of philosophy

ILLTYD TRETHOWAN:
The Absolute and the Atonement
289pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.

Although *The Absolute and the Atonement* is primarily a summary and discussion of the views of other authors, it is much more than a mere useful survey of a wide area of contemporary thought about philosophy and its relation to religion; Illtyd Trethowan's own views emerge and are vindicated. Occasionally there is evidence of a certain degree of contempt for the assumptions of the most fashionable brand of contemporary philosophy, which runs counter to the prevalent urbanity of the book; but this is not necessarily a defect. The philosophers concerned are themselves not infrequently contemptuous; and many of Fr Trethowan's points against them are well made.

There seem to be two contrary dangers in writing about Christianity: that of trivializing and domesticating the divine revelation in such a way that man might just as well have invented it for himself; and that of succumbing to an irrationalism which makes revelation seem totally arbitrary to human intelligence and moral sensibility. Fr Trethowan is well aware of both these dangers. In his view, revelation must go beyond what can be confirmed by human reason and experience, but, to be credible, it must, to some extent be confirmed by them.

In making this criticism one is, of course, not approving of the outlook, characteristic of some modern historians, which reduces Church history to a purely positivist study and refuses to take beliefs seriously except as material for morbid psychology. As a history of Christian thought Dr Pelikan's book merits the highest praise, and one can only hope that the subsequent volumes will maintain the high level of the first. The production is lavish, as the price would tend to suggest. The layout of the pages is somewhat unusual, with a very wide left-hand margin in which all the references are placed. The bibliographical material is ample and, once the system is mastered, easy to consult.

He quotes, with approval the words of Henri Bouillard:

If it is true that Christ has a decisive importance for all men, then Christ's coming must correspond to something congenial with man's make-up which is open to the supernatural and gives rise to an obvious expectancy. Otherwise we should not be able to discern that Christ is the word of God for us. Against many Roman Catholic thinkers, both ancient and modern, Fr Trethowan finds arguments for God's existence which take no account of man's direct experience of God's presence, to and activity within him altogether inadequate. "It is impossible to conclude that God must exist in the absence of any apprehension of him, any direct contact."

The first half of the book is concerned, broadly speaking, with the relation of the philosopher's God to the God of religion; Fr Trethowan rightly attacks the fashionable view that they have nothing to do with one another. The second half is concerned more specifically with the Christian mystery, and its application to the renewal of human life. The final section, which treats of the relation between the Christian faith and the experiences of the mystics, is particularly timely now that so many are taking refuge in mysticism from the increasing strain and absurdity of a world dominated by Mammon. Mysticism, according to Fr Trethowan, is everyone's business unless we can with plausibility rule it out as a pathological state—which we have no adequate reason for doing.

The Roman way

AGOSTINO LOMBARDO:
Ritratto di Eneide
365pp. Pisa: Nistri-Lischi. L.3,000.

Italian professors of literature have an unfortunate and most irritating habit of publishing from time to time collections of reviews, essays and introductions, written over a considerable period of years, without attempting to revise them or arrange them into a coherent pattern. Agostino Lombardo in *Ritratto di Eneide* has produced fourteen essays, written between 1951 and 1968, arranged in chronological order, beginning with Shakespeare and finishing with Thom Gunn. He has sometimes conflated two reviews into one essay or compressed together an essay and an introduction, but he always takes care to avoid repetition. Moreover, he has had the excellent idea of bringing the book up to date with lengthy footnotes containing new biographical and bibliographical material or even a change of opinion or attitude.

The English Department of the University of Rome owes its reputation mainly to the great work of Mario Praz, whose mantle fell, with some diminution of authority, on his pupil Giorgio Melchiori, to whom Professor Lombardo's book is dedicated. Professor Lombardo has little of Praz's originality and only a modicum of his breadth of scholarship, but he usually writes solidly and sensibly.

The main problem of *Ritratto di Eneide* is to establish for whom it was written. The essay "Tropole e l'artista vittoriana" begins: "Vances slowly in the esteem of the reader? What reader? What public is Professor Lombardo addressing? All the quotations from English poetry are accompanied by translations into Italian and all the prose quotations, from English novels, essays and diaries are in Italian, without an English original. One must suppose therefore that those essays were written for the Italian public, with special reference to Italian university students of English literature. This hypothesis is borne out by the fact that in the index

there are nineteen references to Praz and ten references to the *Classici*, more than all the references to English and American critics together.

The index, however, is not entirely reliable. Jane Austen appears as "Austen I.", and the six *Essays on Criticism* by Francis Bacon are given as "Bacon". The index also indicates how heavily Lombardo has leaned on his work in the essays on *Antony and Cleopatra* in parts of the two essays on *King Lear*. There are good things in the work, *La letteratura inglese nella cultura di Croce* and in *Enrico Costi*, both of which can be regarded as valuable contributions to the study of the poets, yet Professor Lombardo's glancing at Cecchi's poem, *Storia della letteratura del secolo XIX* (1915), can hardly be regarded as an indication of how heavily Lombardo has leaned on his work in the essays on *Antony and Cleopatra* in parts of the two essays on *King Lear*. There are good things in the work, *La letteratura inglese nella cultura di Croce* and in *Enrico Costi*, both of which can be regarded as valuable contributions to the study of the poets, yet Professor Lombardo's glancing at Cecchi's poem, *Storia della letteratura del secolo XIX* (1915), can hardly be regarded as an indication of how heavily Lombardo has leaned on his work in the essays on *Antony and Cleopatra* in parts of the two essays on *King Lear*.

Other essays are not what they seem. "Conrad: il narratore come eroe" (1961) is, in fact, a commentary on an Italian translation of *Chance*, which had recently appeared, and has little relevance to Conrad's work as a whole. Professor Lombardo writes, well on the critical writings, on E. M. Forster and on Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*, but he is not so happy with Thom Gunn.

The essay "Thom Gunn e il nuovo movimento" was written in 1967 as an introduction in *Gunn, My Sad Captains*, translated, with other poems, by Camillo Pelloni. Professor Lombardo begins by citing an important passage from G. S. Fraser's preface to his edition of *Poetry Now* and a more controversial passage from Robert Conquest's *Unholy New Lines*. He then discusses the poets of the Movement and finally decides that Gunn is "the major poet of the generation". Curiously enough he does not even mention Ted Hughes and Sylvia Plath.

These essays are mainly commentaries, but they are also serious and painstaking works, which show a considerable interest and loyalty to Italian students of English literature.

History of the Development of doctrine
Volume 1: The Emergence of the doctrine
University of Chicago Press.

John Henry Newman, just after his reception into the Roman Catholic Church, published his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. Roman Catholics as well as Anglicans were widely scandalized by the mere suggestion that Christian doctrine could undergo any development at all. Controversialists, both Catholic and Protestant, had for three centuries bent their efforts to demonstrating that, in almost every detail, the teaching of the primitive Church was identical with their own. It is almost universally recognized by theologians that the development of doctrine is of central importance, not only for the Christianized and (as many would say) detached concerns of the dogmatic theologian, but also in the history of ecumenism and apologetics. It is to say in the deepening of understanding between the various Christian denominations and in the presentation of the Christian faith to the contemporary world.

Nevertheless the notion of development raises problems, for it is basic Christianity that Jesus of Nazareth was the final and perfect embodiment of the Word of God in human nature and that the message of salvation is the same for first-century and twentieth-century men alike. It would thus be agreed by theologians in one sense there can and must be development in Christian doctrine, and must not be. The problem is that these two senses are and how they are related.

Was Newman's chief purpose to down canon for discriminating between genuine developments and illegitimate developments or corruptions, and if he was not entirely successful, and indeed seems in places to have fallen into circular argument, this is not altogether surprising. In one who was an almost pioneer in this field. And, though the problem is not entirely theological one, its successful solution hardly be achieved without reference to the actual development of Christian teaching during the two millennia of the Church's life.

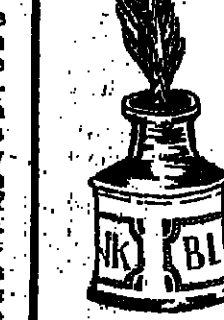
From this scheme and from various other dicta it is clear that Dr Pelikan is free from the common assumption of scholars writing in English that nothing of real theological importance happened in Eastern Christendom between the Council of Chalcedon and Alexei Khomyakov. Apart from anything else, his first volume will provide English readers with a useful companion to the indispensable books of J. E. Bethune-Baker and J. N. D. Kelly. What is not altogether clear, however, is the sense in which "History of the Development of Doctrine" is different in execution (it is obviously different in aim) from a highly competent and interestingly written work

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to the year 1200, by which date Bristol was fast expanding beyond the walls, though the great development of the town in the later Middle Ages was yet to come. Graeme Farr's pamphlet is concerned with the types of vessel which the port was producing for the West Indies and other seaborne trade throughout the nineteenth century.

Military History

HARRY, JAMES J. Famous Fighter Squadrons of the RAF. 80pp. Windsor: Hyton Inc. £2.50.

The squadrons covered by this volume are 1, 23, 29, 54 and 111, chosen not for fame or seniority but because each had a unique spell of duty at some stage in its history. An opportunity is thus afforded to record the principal activities of these squadrons and to show in detail the aircraft with which they were equipped, the bases they used and the officers who commanded them, all with precise dates. The pictures (some in colour) are well reproduced.

Poetry

KOYNER, ARNOLD and SMITH, NELL. Selected Poems. Abba Koyner translated by Shirley Kaufman and Nelly Sachs. Nelly Sachs translated by Michael Hamburger, Ruth and Matthew Mead and Michael Rohol. 123pp. Penguin. Paperback, 30p.

This new addition to the "Penguin Modern European Poets" is excellent value at 30p. It juxtaposes translations from the work of a relatively little known Israeli poet, of European extraction but writing in Hebrew, with translations from the work of Nelly Sachs, a German-Jewish poet whose world stature has been acknowledged by the award of a Nobel Prize. Stephen Spender contributes an enlightening introduction which analyses the Jewish traditions the two poets have in common, the implications of the subject matter of their poems share (the murder of European Jews by the Nazis) and the different ways in which they solved the problem of writing poetry after Auschwitz without "decorating the

slaughterhouse with garlands". The translations, particularly those by Michael Hamburger read very well.

Sociology

CARV, LYNNE. and MAPES, ROY. The Sociology of Planning. A Study of Social Activity on New Housing Estates. 161pp. Batsford. £4.

Though the main title is misleading, the subtitle accurately defines the contents of this report on a limited piece of sociological research. It was undertaken to show how the design of private housing estates affects social interaction between housewives. What it does show is that social exchanges resulted from demographic factors and occurred despite the arrangement of the houses. In other words "planning variables failed to influence the mean level of activity-deviance on the eight estates examined". But then the estates chosen were feeble examples of the spec. builder's art. The implications for planning policy do not follow logically from the findings and the

tips offered to estate designers are of the kind that any first-year planning student unversed in sociometric mystique could have devised. Since the authors seem predisposed towards at least a degree of physical determinism it would have been sensible to include in the study at least one housing estate designed by an architect with a social conscience.

Technology

HAWKES, NIGEL. The Computer Revolution. 210pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.25 (paperback), £1.25. Here is another book which explains the workings, history and achievements of computers to those with little or no knowledge of the subject. The idea is a good one but it remains to be seen just how many such books can survive in a competitive market. Nigel Hawkes' presentation is satisfactory and the book is well produced with many excellent illustrations. It can be understood by anyone with a modicum of scientific education. Interesting in its content, it is useful in its contribution to the arguments against the misuse of the computer.

War

STERNBERG, JOSEPH. The War Machine. Translated by Betty Ross. 267pp. Deutsch. £2.95.

This study of the work of a fighter group, charged with the defence of Sicily in 1943, shows the conviction of the defeat ate into the minds of the airmen and how resentment at their failure to lay responsibility for the failure to make their operations matter of hopeless routine. Sternberg fought in the Luftwaffe, in Russia and in Africa, making a final desperate attempt to fly solo over the Reich from a position of inevitable disaster. He planned properly for his war, accepted explanation of the defeat, and the author makes a sound point that Germany had the resources to provide for the air warfare as well as for the policy. His picture of ultimate illusion, even as early as his convincing.

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Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the BOROUGH OF CASTLEFORD. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Borough of Castleford, 100 High Street, Castleford, Wetherby. WF10 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Scottish Central Library, 100 High Street, Edinburgh. EH1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, West Sussex Education Committee, 100 High Street, Brighton. BN1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Hertfordshire County Council, 100 High Street, Hertford. SG1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON BOROUGH OF HILLINGDON. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Hillingdon Library, 100 High Street, Hillingdon, Middx. UB8 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of London, 100 High Street, London. WC1E 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

MANCHESTER REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the MANCHESTER REGIONAL HOSPITAL BOARD. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Manchester Regional Hospital Board, 100 High Street, Manchester. M1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Richmond upon Thames Library, 100 High Street, Richmond. TW9 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, London Architectural Practice, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Scottish Central Library, 100 High Street, Edinburgh. EH1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, West Sussex Education Committee, 100 High Street, Brighton. BN1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Hertfordshire County Council, 100 High Street, Hertford. SG1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of **CHARTERED LIBRARIAN** for the CHARTERED LIBRARIAN. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Chartered Librarian, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

GLoucestershire COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Gloucestershire County Council, 100 High Street, Gloucester. GL1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

SCHOOLS OF KING EDWARD THE SIXTH

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the SCHOOLS OF KING EDWARD THE SIXTH. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Schools of King Edward the Sixth, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

BOROUGH OF MARGATE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the BOROUGH OF MARGATE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Borough of Margate, 100 High Street, Margate. CT1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Richmond upon Thames Library, 100 High Street, Richmond. TW9 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, London Architectural Practice, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Scottish Central Library, 100 High Street, Edinburgh. EH1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, West Sussex Education Committee, 100 High Street, Brighton. BN1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Hertfordshire County Council, 100 High Street, Hertford. SG1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

NORTH WALES

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the NORTH WALES. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, North Wales, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

GLoucestershire COUNTY COUNCIL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Gloucestershire County Council, 100 High Street, Gloucester. GL1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

SCHOOLS OF KING EDWARD THE SIXTH

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the SCHOOLS OF KING EDWARD THE SIXTH. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Schools of King Edward the Sixth, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

BOROUGH OF MARGATE

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LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the LONDON BOROUGH OF RICHMOND UPON THAMES. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Richmond upon Thames Library, 100 High Street, Richmond. TW9 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

LONDON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE

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SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY

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WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the WEST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, West Sussex Education Committee, 100 High Street, Brighton. BN1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

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COUNTY COUNCIL OF THE COUNTY OF STIRLING

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the COUNTY COUNCIL OF THE COUNTY OF STIRLING. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, County Council of the County of Stirling, 100 High Street, Stirling. FK8 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

COUNTY LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the COUNTY LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, County Library Headquarters, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of Liverpool, 100 High Street, Liverpool. L1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

NIGERIA

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the NIGERIA. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, Nigeria, 100 High Street, London. EC1V 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Applications are invited for the post of **LIBRARIAN** for the UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL. The post is full-time, salaried, and involves the management of the library and its staff. The successful candidate will be responsible for the collection, organisation and maintenance of the library's holdings, and for the provision of a high standard of service to the community. The post is open to all qualified persons, and applications should be sent to the Librarian, University of Liverpool, 100 High Street, Liverpool. L1 1JF, by 28th February 1972.

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UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

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UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

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VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES &c

House of Commons Library Honours Graduates for research work

PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION: vacancy in the General Library for work which will include the collection and arrangement of sources material and the provision of information directly to Members of Parliament.

Candidates must have a first or second class honours or post-graduate degree. Previous relevant experience or knowledge of special library methods and organisation, and ability to work under pressure, are desirable.

RESEARCH DIVISION: this vacancy in the Economic Affairs Section involves the provision of specialised information and research assistance to Members and to Select Committees.

Candidates must have a degree with first or second class honours in which economics is a principal component or an appropriate post-graduate degree. A knowledge of statistics to degree standard will be an advantage. Final year students may apply.

AGE: Senior Library Clerk, at least 28 and under 33. Assistant Library Clerk, normally under 28.

SALARY: Appointment will be on the Senior Library Clerk (£2,800-£4,310) or on the Assistant Library Clerk (£1,435-£2,325) depending on age, qualifications and experience. Starting salary may be above minimum of other scale. Night duty allowance of up to £395 per annum applicable. Pension prospects, non-contributory pension.

For full details and an application form (to be returned by 3 March 1972) write to Civil Service Commission, Attencliff Link, Southampton, Hants, or telephone LANSBURY 2022 ext. 300 or LONDON 01-539 1696 (4 hours "Answerline" service), quoting G/787.

OSLO (NORWAY) The University Readership in English

Applications are invited for the post of **READER IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE**. The holder will be required to show that he has the necessary academic qualifications, including work in the field of modern English language.

Full details of teaching duties and responsibilities involved may be obtained on application to the University Director, University of Oslo.

Salary, after deduction for superannuation fund, is 76,320 crowns (approximately £4,500).

Applications, together with all necessary details of qualifications and teaching experience and a list of admissible works of research and/or scholarship, should be sent to the University Director, Blindern, Oslo 3, before 30th April 1972. Applicants must furthermore, not later than 30th May 1972, submit to the Secretary, Historisk-filosofisk Fakultet, Universitetet i Oslo, five complete sets of their admissible works of research and/or scholarship, a list in extensio of their work, including information of place of publication, and five copies of their application, together with relevant enclosures.

Work in hand at the time of the expiry date for applications may be submitted three months after such date, provided the applicant has stated his intention of so doing on submitting his work.

The successful candidate will be asked to produce a certificate of health prior to confirmation of his appointment.

Chief Technical Information Officer

Rank Xerox, world leaders in graphic communications products, are carrying out a wide range of advanced research and development work on new products for international markets in their new Development Laboratory at Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

To assist them in this task they now require a Chief Technical Information Officer to control and develop the operation of an information unit and technical library, serving a wide range of specialist personnel.

The successful applicant should have a professional qualification in Librarianship and/or Information Science together with relevant experience. A degree in Science or Technology would be an advantage.

This position offers an excellent salary and opportunity for career advancement. Company benefits include a generous superannuation and life assurance scheme, four weeks holiday and assistance with relocation where appropriate.

Write with full personal